

The

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The Only Paper that Dares to Tell You All The Truth

What the National Government has done

THE "National" Government's trumpeter is dead! — it has issued vainglorious films and posters applauding its own achievements to the skies—to say nothing of a strange picture paper called the "Popular Pictorial." Is some misguided "National" enthusiast paying the piper? (Of course, with an eye on the honours list).

The National Government claims that all is for the best in the best of all possible Britains ruled by the best of all possible Governments, because—

(I) Sir Malcolm Campbell broke the world's speed record on land with a speed of 272 miles per hour.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. Stanley Baldwin and the rest of them had as much to do with Sir Malcolm Campbell's record as they had with the eclipse of the sun.

(II) Our Air Force won the Schneider Trophy outright.

That was won in September, 1931 before the formation of the National Government, because Lady Houston paid the expenses.

(III) Lord Clydesdale and his fellow airmen flew over Mount Everest and looked down on the highest mountain in the world—

Because Lady Houston financed this brave adventure.

Much is said about unemployment. Yet there are 429,000 more people in receipt of poor relief than in 1931, and in two years the number of permanently unemployed men has increased by 61,000.

Our Foreign policy has been a tale of cowardice, hesitation and folly. The chances of war have been multiplied by a sentimentalism which bleats of peace and disarmament and leaves the world in doubt as to our sanity. Our friends have ceased to rely on us and we have deliberately chosen an isolation which only overwhelming strength could justify.

Worst of all, before the whole world we declare the inadequacy of our defences.

Our Army estimates and our Air estimates are lower than the estimates introduced by the Socialist Government in 1930.

Our Navy estimates are lower than the estimates introduced by the Conservative Government in 1925. Our Navy is below strength in material and personnel—the Admiralty own it.

The Air Force is below strength—the Air Ministry own it. But Lady Houston's offer of support is rejected and, instead, we are fobbed off with Mr. Baldwin's promise of another Conference.

The Indian record of this Government could scarcely be worse. It has surpassed even the Socialists in its eagerness to abandon its sacred duty and to undo the great work that Englishmen accomplished for the good of the Empire and of the Indians.

Foreign imports are already up this year by 34 millions. How much longer can this Government continue to masquerade as defenders of our Commerce?

Four millions for Austria, nothing for National development at home, only legislation to prevent individual initiative.

Muddle and indecision have made the confusion of our Betting and Licensing laws more confounded.

Socialists and Communists are given a free hand. Anti-Socialists are treated as blackguards.

The National Government has neither policy nor principles, and without principles a country cannot live. The existence of our country depends on the destruction of this monstrosity.

Notes of the Week

Low and Lady Houston

The good humoured guerrilla warfare between Lady Houston and Low, the *Evening Standard* cartoonist, has gone a step further. Low attacked with a picture of Lady Houston in a class of black shirts, side by side with Sir John Squire, Mr. L. S. Amery, Mr. Maxton and Sir Stafford Cripps—truly a mixed bag—being taught Italian of all languages in the world, by Sir Oswald Mosley.

Lady Houston retaliated merrily with a letter published in the *Evening Standard*:

To the Editor of the "*Evening Standard*."
Dear Editor,

I have only just seen Low's cartoon. I am still a free-lance. I belong to no man, but if I did change my colours I would rather wear a black shirt than a dirty white one stained with the blood of Englishmen.

I send you this message for Low:

"Dear Mr. Low,
Someone's been pulling your leg, I trow,
For I must let you know I was quite *de trop*
Sitting in a row with men I don't know.

So here and now, I deny *in toto*
Changing my shirt—or my love for Low."

Yours,
LADY HOUSTON.

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The First Brush

The opening engagement in the battle of wits took place ten months ago when Low showed Lady Houston as Britannia in Sir Oswald Mosley's office with a lion-headed dachshund labelled "Fascist British Lion Made in Germany" in the foreground. For the rest we quote the *National Review*:

"A few days later the *Evening Standard* printed the following delightful rhymed answer to their jibe:—

S.Y. "Liberty,"
Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.
15th September, 1933.

LOW AND LADY HOUSTON

I feel I must crow
And make a deep bow,
To your Cartoonist Low
For honouring me so!
He's drawn me as Britannia—who should surely
Rule the Waves,
But the Bull Dog Breed
Is now on a lead
Held by political Knaves,
And the whole world grins—and says Poor
Things!

Britons have, indeed, become SLAVES.

And she added this postscript in prose that is as witty as the rest.

P.S.—Please tell Mr. Low the answer is No—for we are strangers yet. Sir Oswald Mosley wears a black shirt but mine is red, white and blue. His lion is made in Germany: my lioness is British through and through. After a holiday in her native jungle she wrote me yesterday "I have returned like a lion refreshed, am ready for anything." She is a terror. "For the female of the species is more deadly than the male."

Low must have been pleased when he got this message. He does not often get an answer, no one ever scores off him, and the perfect temper and sense of fun shown by his intended victim have turned the tables on him very neatly and in a way so witty a man must have appreciated,

Sixty Millions for National Defence?

A few days after Mr. Churchill at Wanstead had asked "Where does Mr. Baldwin stand?" Mr. Baldwin was fencing in the House of Commons with the ubiquitous Mr. Geoffrey Mander in regard to rumours of an increase in the Air force. Since then, the Press that calls itself "National" has announced with a very loud blare of trumpets that the Government have decided to spend sixty millions sterling on national defence, to build 600 new airplanes, and already have placed an order for a squadron of fast bombers. Let us hope this is true and not merely one more canard to procrastinate during a final panic effort to bring all the discordant elements in Europe to disarmament. Anyway, not to seem ungracious, let us say that if it is as stated, the Government have made a tardy sign of repentance and perhaps the visits of M. Barthou and General Weygand are not entirely unconnected with the decision.

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Red Oxford

The motto of the University of Oxford is "The Lord is my Light" (*Dominus Illuminatio Mea*) and the pious founders of colleges in the middle ages gave their wealth in order that young men should be educated to lead decent and God-fearing lives. The atmosphere of mediaeval ecclesiasticism has inevitably changed with the centuries; every centre of learning must find room for free thought. But between free thought and active atheistical tendencies imported from Soviet Russia a great gulf should be fixed. That gulf is now being bridged, with the help of certain senior members of the University, by such plague-spots as the Oxford University Labour Club, the Oxford Council of Action, the Oxford University Anti-War Committee, and the October Club, most of which are frankly Communistic and in close touch with the sources of the Bolshevik ideals they so eagerly accept and propagate in turn.

Dominus Illuminatio Mea!

And the *Daily Herald*, in whose eyes Russia, however anti-Godlike, can do no manner of wrong, continues to publish pretty little articles about the Holy Land as a circulation stunt.

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Winking at Danger

Generations of undergraduates have passed through a Red period, a sort of political measles, from which they have usually recovered or passed to a comparatively harmless stage of intellectual pinkness. The position to-day is infinitely more serious, because those whose duty it is to guide these youths, or at least to stand aside and let them work out their own salvation, are bent on encouraging every anti-God, anti-King, and anti-State activity, unless, of course, it is in conflict with the Soviet state. The Master of Balliol himself,

Mr. A. D. Lindsay, is the chief supporter of one of the most dangerously influential of these bodies, which has as its avowed object the spreading of Socialist doctrines of the extreme left among the junior members of the University. The Government, already frightened over the prospects of its Sedition Bill, is not likely to take any steps. Why a so-called National Government should wink at such endeavours to disintegrate the nation is incomprehensible.

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Betraying Their Trust

We say with every emphasis that the dons of Oxford who use their position to convert impressionable youths to Socialism, and worse, are abusing their trust. They are as disloyal to the memory of the aforesaid pious founders (to whom, indirectly, they owe their bread-and-butter) as they are to their King and to the country they are doing their utmost to betray. They are, of course, aware that Russia is now boasting of increased anti-religious propaganda in her second Five-Year Plan. M. Lunachavski, in his "New Anti-Religious Manual," tells with glee of "further arrests of servants of religion and further closing of churches . . . Forty-two priests have recently been arrested for having taught the Gospel to children."

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Appeal to French Ex-Service Men

On the surface Germany is quiet. Nothing like a complete account of the Hitler *coup* has been published, but Herr Hess, now Hitler's right hand man, has ventured on some sort of explanatory story in a speech he delivered at the week-end. He made some curious overtures to French ex-Service men; declaring that democratic government was the main obstacle to peace in Europe, he appealed to them over the heads of the French Government.

It is interesting to recall that this is precisely what last year the Nazi *Völkischer Beobachter* did after the revelations of the *Petit Parisien* respecting German propaganda methods, but on that occasion the "honourable front comrades in the Great War" were urged to take independent action and turn on armament makers as the cause of all the trouble, though Germany was placing large orders at that very time with her own armament firms!

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Another Recantation

When "G. K. C." and others stated that the violence and excesses generally which marked the early triumphs of Hitler, were eminently and characteristically German, they were roundly denounced as blind, prejudiced or worse by some English friends of Germany. Hardly anything was too bad to say of them, and a great many kind-hearted people were taken in by these

champions of Germanism. Prominent among the latter was Mr. Robert Dell, formerly of the *Manchester Guardian*. But he saw his mistake even before the Hitler *coup*, and he has published a recantation in a book just issued, "Germany Unmasked." Now the egregious Vernon Bartlett, once the oracle of the wireless, also recants. In the *News Chronicle*, on Friday of last week, he said: "The desire to put forward the best case for every foreigner . . . may lead to errors of judgment . . . I have, I believe, made one in the case of German National Socialism." Dear, dear!

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A Violent World

Mr. Bartlett's conversion was apparently the result of the violence of the Hitler *coup*. It opened his eyes. What a good thing it would be if the eyes of other pacifists could be opened to the hard fact that we are living in a world where violence is not at all unusual, but is almost a commonplace. Think of the tale of bloodshed in Europe alone since the year began—Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Munich, and now Amsterdam! The Dutch riots, which lasted three days, had their origin in the anger caused by heavy cuts in unemployment pay, but this not unnatural feeling was skilfully exploited by Communists and Reds. Troops had to be summoned to the help of the police. This in miniature tells the story of the whole world as things are at present—pacifism is a mirage!

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Sir John Simon Trounced

Good feeling was no doubt a feature of the conversations which took place at the Foreign Office during the visit of M. Barthou, but almost as certainly there was precious little humour. That was supplied, however, from outside, and as he must soon have heard all about it, he must have enjoyed the joke immensely. On Monday, the *Daily Mail* published an article as one of a series it is running under the heading "How I would Procure Peace." This particular article was written by Mr. Winston Churchill, and turned out to be nothing more or less than an attack, of the most trenchant kind—as was to be expected from its author—on Sir John Simon in his rôle as Foreign Secretary.

"Sir John Simon," said Winston, "is recognised as being one of the chief encumbrances of the Government." M. Barthou had to put up with the encumbrance as best he could during his visit, but the combined action of Winston and the *Daily Mail* (perhaps a touch of malice there!) helped him enormously. It was noted at the dinner at the French Embassy that M. Barthou beamed on Sir John, but every now and again broke away, smiled at Mr. Baldwin—and chuckled! Of course, he couldn't very well explain what amused him. Subtle fellows, these Frenchmen!

Licensing Tyrannies

The American tourist traffic to this country is, in spite of an exceptionally fine summer, declared to be disappointingly small. That is only partly due to there being less travel money in the pockets of the middle-class Americans who form the globe-trotting class. The main fault is our own for allowing nonsensical licensing restrictions still to remain in force. On Sundays in the home counties no alcoholic refreshment can be obtained until mid-day, the ban being replaced at 2 p.m. until 7 p.m. Now that Prohibition in America is proved to have been a ludicrous and dangerous failure, Americans are permitted to buy drinks when they like and in this respect at any rate to live up to the Law of Liberty label. They can hardly be expected to flock on their holidays to a country where they enjoy less freedom than at home. There may be a faint hope, therefore, of our authorities relaxing their silly tyrannies for the sake of the foreign visitors. There is no hope whatever of their doing so in the interests of our own people.

We Still Pay

What an arch-muddler is Mr. Runciman! Our agriculture is in a deplorable condition because he made a series of "Black Pacts," on the basis that he paralysed our farming industry to give our market away to the Argentine for meat, Denmark and others for dairy produce, in return for undertakings to purchase our products, mostly coal, in far less proportion and value. Now, to make an effort at the eleventh hour to save our stock-breeders, Mr. Elliot is having to fall back on a subsidy, and is frantically beating up and down to find a way out of the serious situation created by these absurd trade agreements, which everybody knew were absurd from the first, except the Free Traders, who were trying to save their faces at the expense of British Farmers. Subsidies are taking the place of a tariff, so that the tax-payers are to pay cut money instead of making the foreigner pay.

Shipping Puzzle Solution

Mr. Runciman is just as much an arch-muddler in his efforts to find some way to resuscitate our shipping. The tramp shipping owners like his plans of scrapping three ships for one new one less and less, and now we know that the Minister's reason is to kill two birds with one stone, aid the tramps and aid the British shipyards. It looks as though he will miss both birds. His subsidy is altogether inadequate, and the idea that ship-owners must visualise only one-third of the cargoes they used to carry, shows no glimmer of imagination and no courage. By all means let us subsidise our shipping to the same extent or even more than foreign nations are doing. But besides that, we need to give preferential harbour dues to

Empire shipping in Empire ports and to stop the abuse of the Red Ensign by ships which are really foreign owned. We can recapture the world's shipping trade if only the Board of Trade show determination.

The Proverbial Poultrice

Mr. Elliot, Minister of Agriculture, announced on Wednesday that £3,000,000 would be set aside as an emergency measure to support the fat stock industry. Imports are to be restricted in accordance with a long term scheme.

The proverbial poultrice for the wooden leg would be more effective. Our "National" Government is ready for anything except a straightforward measure to save this country by giving prosperity to agriculture. It potters one way with restrictions and another way with subsidies, but never for one minute does it think that our one hope lies in the revival of the men who live on the soil.

Our Essential Need

It is one of the curses of this Parliament that only a trivial minority of its members represent agricultural electors and most of them to judge from recent debates do not think it worth their while to attend the House when agricultural matters are the subject of debate. Yet our future turns on producing a far greater proportion of our food than we have done since the industrial age began.

Lancashire, we were told not long ago, has sought refuge in poultry from the cotton slump. The rest of England must face the lesson that our hope lies in the better cultivation of our soil. Mussolini gave fresh life to Italian agriculture in conditions far more critical than our own. Where is the English Mussolini who will teach us that our life or death depends on our farmers and peasants?

Tragedy of Despair

The law can be cruel, and sometimes to no purpose. A few days ago a middle-aged actor put his head into a gas-oven. Was it necessary to divulge subsequently the fact that he had a serious charge hanging over him? Obviously, he had killed himself because he could not face the music and because he wished, possibly for the sake of his family, to prevent a slur being brought on his name. He paid. Why not leave it at that? The dragging forth of details posthumously brings about the tragically ironical position that, so far as avoiding disgrace is concerned, the poor devil might as well have remained alive. It is desirable to probe, as the American's would say, all the circumstances of a suicide. But there are cases where a merciful reticence in the matter of publicity can surely be granted.

Caller Herrin'

By LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

COMPARE the swift immediate response of the Prime Minister to Russia's demand for £100,000 for that fraudulent thing called the Codex-Sinaiticus, with the Government's cruel cat-and-mouse methods towards the herring fishermen. First of all they could do nothing. Then after a great deal of pressure they said they would consider what could be done. For weeks they have tormented and played with these poor men with false hopes, and nothing has been done. And now that everyone is going away on holiday, they hope the misery of these poor fishermen will be forgotten.

But should we not feel **ASHAMED OF OURSELVES** to read that the welfare of

British herring fishermen depends on Russia and Germany! Are the people of England and Scotland so heartless and so utterly apathetic as all this? I do not believe it. The prosperity of British fishermen is our affair. The people of England and Scotland must see to this for their honour's sake and give a standing order to their fishmonger to be supplied with fresh herring one day every week and whenever there is a glut. And not only will their "little Mary" profit, but our fishermen will be independent of Russia and Germany and we shall know that we are doing our duty towards our neighbour and helping our own kith and kin.

The Truth About Snowden

(Lady Houston's letter to the *Morning Post*, reprinted from *Wednesday's* issue).

SIR,

In Lord Snowden's diatribe against Mr. Ramsay MacDonald he says:—"I did more than anybody to put the National Government into office."

Exactly—of course he did!—and by so doing the Nation was baulked of its mandate for a Conservative Government and Philip Snowden, a dismal failure, as Chancellor of the Exchequer under the Socialist Government, which he brought to ruin, was made Chancellor of the Exchequer under a "National" Government and created a Viscount. And—"the will of the People"—who voted for a strong Conservative Government—was set at naught.

The Nation had knowledge of a Conser-

vative Government, a Liberal Government, and a Labour Government, but "National" was a name unknown to them—coined by its godfathers, Ramsay MacDonald and Philip Snowden—to whom it meant resurrection from the Wilderness of Extinction in which they had landed themselves.

I believe these are bare facts which no one can deny, and therefore I venture to ask why the short leader in the *Morning Post* of July 4th, begins with these words, which I quote:—"Three years ago, Viscount Snowden did the State a signal service—service which it would be ungrateful to forget."

Your obedient servant,

LUCY HOUSTON.

Their Two Excellencies

One Governor-General to Another

By Our Saturday Reviewer

THE Distinguished Stranger stopped at a little house at Monkstown, which is next to Kingstown, between there and Dublin.

"Is your master at home, my good man?" he asked at the door.

"I'm master here myself, I'd like ye to know," replied the other, and added as an afterthought—"if nowhere else."

"I beg Your Excellency's pardon," said the stranger. "Then I am in the presence of the Governor-General?"

"'Deed ye are," said the other. "The very same. The Governor-General of the Irish Free State, an' me maiden name, as ye might say, is Donald Buckley, and its from Maynooth I am, and there's very few that gives me my title in this neighbourhood."

"I went first to the Phoenix Park," the distinguished stranger explained, "expecting to find Your Excellency at the Viceregal Lodge."

"And ye might have saved yourself the trouble, for it's a Museum they've made it, and they've cut the Park into allotments, and sure I couldn't afford for to live there anyway; but they gave me some sticks of furniture from the place, and here I am."

"May I present my card?" said the stranger.

"O, bedad, it's a Lord ye are. Well, I'm happy to meet ye, Lord Willingdon; come in and take a cup o' tay, or maybe it's a sup o' porter ye'd like this hot weather?"

"Well, I won't say no, though I come from where it's hotter."

"O, to be sure, you're the Viceroy out there, or so I've heard."

"Viceroy and Governor-General," said the stranger.

"The same to the same. Well, it's glad I am to meet Your Excellency, and me with my boots unlaced on account of the hot weather. But we won't stand on ceremony as one Governor-General to another. So come in and sit down here in the parlour."

"I came," said the stranger, "to see how you were getting on."

"Getting on, is it? How the devil would I get on when there's nothing to do at all? That ould devil, de Valera, he won't let me open as much as a church bazaar."

"Oh, I meant, how are you getting on politically?" said the stranger. "Politically and economically?"

"An' I'd have to be economical," said the other. "For though my salary, by rights, is £10,000 a year, the President won't let me have no more than a thousand. But, glory be, meat is cheap owing to the killing o' the calves."

"I really came to ask how the country was getting on under Home Rule, which my family helped to bring about."

"Well, I never heard of it. 'Twas Michael Collins that brought it about, him and the I.R.A. with their guns and their pistols, as ye know very well."

"Never mind that," said the stranger hastily. "We are trying a similar experiment in India, and I came over to see how your Constitution is working over here."

"By Jasus, it would work very well, but for that dirty fellow, Thomas, and the Black North that won't come in, and Cosgrave that won't stay out, and the Blue Shirts, and a few others. But it works well enough with me, and devil a thing to do an' a thousand a year to do it on."

"Everything is quiet, I hope?" said the stranger anxiously.

"The devil of a row we've had," said His Excellency; "but we're hoping for some trouble in the winter, and we'll be fighting Ulster presently, and when the Socialists come in over there we'll be fighting England, too, I hope."

"Really!" said the stranger.

"An' ye'll be having some scrappin' in India, I daresay, when you get that White Paper they're talkin' about."

"I hope not."

"We've been studyin' it here," said His Excellency, "an' de Valera thinks that it'll be the same there as here. He says there's Hindus like the Catholics and Mahomedans like the Protestants, bad cess to them; and there's Gandhi like himself, an' he says there will be the devil's own row when they get at each other under the White Paper, Glory be to God."

Mr. Buckley laughed. "Now, Lord Willingdon," he said, "sure it's joking you are. How can ye prevent them having a row if ye give them the power?"

"We shall have safeguards in the Constitution," said the visitor.

"Safeguards," said the other. "I've heard that before! Why we're stiff with safeguards! Stiff with them! I am one of them mesilf; and a devil a lot of use they are. Safeguards, indade! Ye may loight your pipe with safeguards for all the difference they'll make."

"Well, Your Excellency," said the stranger hurriedly, as if not liking the turn of the conversation, "I fear I must go."

"Good-bye to ye, then, Your Excellency, and I hope they won't treat you as dirtily as they've treated me. For it's the truth I'm tellin' ye—not one o' the quality but yourself has been near me since I started on the job."

[Lord Willingdon, who is at present at home on leave, said at a public banquet in Simla last year, that his family had helped to bring about Home Rule for Ireland, and that he hoped to bring about Home Rule for India].

The Meat of the Matter

By
HAMADRYAD

What is the matter with Farmer Giles
That his face is wreathed in rosy smiles,
That his eye is bright and his manner is gay
As he goes to the market on market day?
Why, as, seemingly, void of care he
Wallops the farmer's ordinary,
And washes it down with an extra beer,
Is his soul so patently full of cheer?

Walter, dear, was it yesterday
That gloom infested his whiskers gray,
As he spoke of the ruin confronting him,
And told the papers in accents grim
That what with inspectors and what with drought
This year of grace was a fair knock-out
Didn't he offer to bet his boots
That he'd lost his grass and would lose his roots,
That one Marketing Board had stolen his milk
By a process he roundly described as "bilk,"
And another had threatened to put him in jail
For improperly offering pigs for sale?

Did we not hear the man complain
That you'd gone and presented the joyful Dane
With a trifle of seven million odd,
Peel'd from the luckless consumer's wad,
While all that the quota gave him, by jigs,
Was a ten per cent. rise in the price of pigs,
Which still left the fattening of pigs for profit
As easy as making ice cream in Tophet?

Was it yesterday or the day before
That we heard him swearing as ne'er before
That you'd bowed your head to the stern behests
Of your masters, the Vestey'd interests,
And left the poor grazier to peek and pine
For the sake of some trade with the Argentine,
That may be forthcoming and maybe not,
While the British fat cattle trade goes to pot?

It was, and our sympathy simply oozed
For one who had been so badly used,
Who, in spite of subsidised sugar beet,
And a guaranteed profit on home-grown wheat,
Seemed destined, in spite of his thick-and-thin
Passion for keeping the Tories in,
Of hard-hearted statesmen to be the sport,
And live with one foot in the bankruptcy court.

And now what has happened to Farmer Giles
That his frowns are turned to the broadest smiles?
Can it be what the Minister said in the House
On Monday evening that's stopped his grouse,
Those lofty phrases of cheer and hope
(To put it more plainly, the usual dope)
In which Mr. Elliot bravely said
That agriculture is forging ahead?

Oh no! You can reckon on more than that
When Giles has a grin like a Cheshire cat.
And I think I know why he feels so spry:
He's been promised a whacking big subsidy;
So much a pound or so much a tail,
Paid by the taxpayer, paid on the nail,
For each fat beast that he sends to the fair—
No wonder the farmer looks free from care!

The Only Road To Safety

By KIM

THE visit of M. Barthou to London, where he has held "conversations" with Sir John Simon, is causing serious perturbations in various quarters, especially as the visit of the French Foreign Minister follows hard on the heels of General Weygand, whose objects have been variously described but were certainly not unconcerned with the mutual defences of France and England in the event of a threatened new outburst in Europe.

Clearly enough France would welcome a definite defensive alliance with Great Britain. There are many reasons why instructed public opinion in this country should be in favour of some such plan for the mutual protection of both our countries, an advantage which would be to our benefit in our present state of undoubted peril, certainly as much as it would be to that of our neighbours across the Channel.

France, as Mr. Winston Churchill said in his powerful speech recently at Wanstead, is the only other great power in Europe which has preserved a parliamentary system in these perilous times when tyrants act without any control. She has persevered in the paths of peace but has resolutely made great sacrifices to achieve self-preservation, and she possesses the finest army in the world and probably the most complete air force. *An alliance between England and France would prove so strong that our national safety would be safe for at least ten years.* At present we re-affirm the Locarno Treaty which obliges us to aid France if she is aggressively attacked by Germany, although we have virtually disarmed and our foreign policy, futile and drifting, has been directed hitherto to press France to disarm like ourselves and trust to the good intentions of Germany. Yet who in their senses would deny that the Nazi regime on the earliest opportunity of a successful issue would remorselessly plunge Europe into a war more horrible and destructive than the world has ever seen?

The Suicide Policy

The objections to such an alliance, or, at any rate a definite working plan, between England and France come from the sort of quarters we might expect and they are really frivolous. There are the Pacifists, always a potential danger to this country, who are in favour of Britain disarming altogether, as a gesture which would inspire the world. They are the worst warmongers conceivable, for they would wantonly place in jeopardy the lives and safety of the entire nation for the sake of a gesture, false to history and to human nature. Fat, rich and unarmed peoples invite annihilation from poorer and greedy nations who believe that might is right. Pacifism has been preached and acted on for ten years with perilous results.

Others would rely on the League of Nations to prevent War. If the League were strong and powerful there might be something in it, but the

League has not been able to prevent any war as yet, not even among minor Powers like Bolivia and Paraguay, and has not the authority to set a single battalion on the march. The only hope of the League would be if all the peace-loving Powers were so strong that they could dictate to the War-mongers, but this is an impossible dream. Our present Government has leant for too long on the broken reed of Geneva.

"Splendid Isolation"

There is a third section, very vociferative in certain organs of the Press, their idea being to stand alone, and refuse to have anything to do with European embroilments. It would mean repudiating the Locarno Treaty and at once opening the door to Mars, while our position when a war occurred would be impossible as a neutral. In any case such a policy would mean that we must arm to the teeth, our Air Force, Navy, and Army being placed on a basis to render us powerful enough to withstand any combination of European Powers who might seek a quarrel. Like the fat boy in *Pickwick*, they seek to make our flesh creep with tales of the seamy side of war. Their apparent objects are to create such a horror of war that we shall aim at peace at any price and then invite enemy bombs. They are almost more dangerous than the avowed Pacifists.

Meantime, Mr. Baldwin in the House of Commons and Mr. Neville Chamberlain outside, are declaring that we are going to enter into no alliances and are not going to relax our efforts for peace. What then is our Foreign Policy? Sir John Simon, the most pernicious Foreign Minister this country has ever had to suffer, fluctuates in every direction but that of firmness. He talks but does nothing. A Pacifist at heart he simply drifts. We seem to be committed to obligations on the Continent in various directions and receive none of the benefits in return.

The first duty of the Government is to ensure the safety of its people. Judged by this, the MacDonald-Baldwin Coalition has hitherto failed utterly in its primary duty. With one ear at least cocked in the direction of our Pacifists, whose minds are invariably parochial, it has gambled with the safety of the realm, despite the growing signs of unrest without as the harvest of the Versailles Treaty. At long last, however, the Government are said to have decided to earmark £60,000,000 for defence and the expansion of the Royal Air Force by 600 new aeroplanes approved of. It has been announced, not yet officially, that an order for a squadron of night bombers has already been placed. If this be true, we can at least breathe afresh, although it will take some years to make up the leeway. The only real road to safety is through a firm and binding arrangement with France, which all the world can appreciate, and not the least the fire-eating Nazis.

The Truth About Terrorism

By Hamish Blair

(The Man On the Spot)

I DON'T know what reception Mr. H. S. E. Stevens, the magistrate of Midnapore, will meet with at the India Office on his arrival in London, but I can hazard a guess that it will be frigid in one sense, and hot as Hades in another. For Mr. Stevens has thrown discretion to the winds. Having been granted seven months' leave from the most dangerous post in Bengal, he was escorted across India by the Bengal police, and was by them handed over to the care of the Bombay police, who watched over him until the mail steamer actually sailed. Probably they went even further, for Bengal terrorists are quite capable of stowing away in order to get their man.

However this may be, Mr. Stevens was interviewed by a correspondent of the *Times of India* just about the time of his departure from Bombay. The result was such a bombshell for the Government and its supporters that its chief organ in the press hasn't dared to publish the conversation. I wonder how much of it has reached England. I subjoin the interview *verbatim* as it appears in the telegraph columns of the *Madras Mail* :—

"How do you find Midnapore now? Have the people sobered down? Has terrorism shown signs of subsiding?" enquired the correspondent.

"Not a bit," reported Mr. Stevens. "It is the same as before."

Mr. Stevens remarked: "The leaders' appeal to the terrorists is all talk which does not cut much ice." He seemed to suggest that a strong Government was the only means for putting down terrorism.

His Official Duty

Of course, Mr. Stevens will repudiate the interview, and small blame to him, for his outburst constitutes a startling infraction both of the written and the unwritten official code. Like the Navy, the Indian Civil Service prides itself on being a "silent" service. From the official standpoint Mr. Stevens' duty was either to snub the interviewer, or to refer him to the speech delivered in Calcutta six or seven months ago by the Governor of Bengal, who said "The general position in regard to terrorism to-day as compared with a year ago shows, in my opinion, a very decided improvement." (Sir John Anderson himself, by the way, has had to take four months' rest at home, following upon the latest attempt upon his life).

It is quite possible that Mr. Stevens was not aware he was talking to a pressman. Can't you imagine the relief of the poor man, respite for a few months from the nightmare of administering a district where everyone of his three predecessors has been assassinated—his namesake, probably a near relative having also been murdered at Comilla—can't you imagine him

stretching himself for sheer relief, and "getting it off his chest" when invited to endorse the solemn official humbug about a "decided improvement" in the terrorist position? He knows from bitter experience what humbug it is. Guarded night and day, dogged by assassins as he goes about his everyday business, risking his life every minute, whether he is sitting on the Bench or interviewing a stray visitor, how can he possibly tell the world that all is well in the murder-ridden station of Midnapore?

Pathetic Futility

Indiscretion or not, there is official confirmation for Mr. Stevens' blunt summary of the position in Bengal. About a month ago the Bengal Government issued a new set of rules for dealing with terrorists. These rules, among other things, impose six months' imprisonment upon anyone who harbours a terrorist, or fails to give information of his whereabouts or who disguises himself as a policeman! Pathetically futile as they are, they prove that the Government feels that something must be done to improve things. Personally, I doubt whether they will lead to the arrest of a single terrorist. The average Bengali would much prefer the chance of six months' imprisonment for sheltering a terrorist to the certainty of having a bullet put through his brains for betraying him.

Mr. Stevens' most refreshing indiscretion refers to the collapse of the so-called leaders of opinion in Bengal, and of their vaunted campaign to rouse the masses against the terrorist menace. It is all talk, he says, and has had no result. I have been saying the same thing over and over again for years. I repeat that the educated classes in Bengal are disloyal to a man; that their sympathies are generally with the terrorists; and that where they are conscious of terrorism's eventual menace to themselves they are too cowed to enter any effectual protest. To such people the periodical bleating of the Government for public co-operation in this deadly grapple between anarchy and authority merely increases the contempt which they are coming to feel for British rule.

"Strong Government"—to quote Mr. Stevens' final dig—is the only remedy for a desperate state of things. The people of India want it. They are crying out for it. It is the lack of it that has bred the present lawlessness, and has filled the masses with bewilderment and the classes with their present mood of cynical contempt for the Raj. A return to the vigorous tradition of the past, coupled with the drastic powers which are now essential to restore authority to its rightful supremacy, would transform India from a disgruntled and bewildered dependency into a contented member of the British Commonwealth.

India, June 25, 1934.

Critics of the New Deal

[By an American Correspondent]

FOLLOWING the example set by President Wilson, the first Chief Executive to disregard the convention that the American President ought not, during his tenure of office, to set foot outside the Continental United States, President Roosevelt has gone off for a long holiday and has advised most of his higher subordinates to do the same. No reports come from the cruiser *Houston*, now bearing Mr. Roosevelt through the Caribbean en route for the Panama Canal and Hawaii, that he fears his predecessor's fate.

A couple of days before he left Washington the President again took the country into his confidence, via the nation-wide "radio hook-up," and told it how much better off it was for his skilled ministrations. Last week the final results of the *Literary Digest* poll were published. (These straw votes taken by this periodical are America's nearest substitute for by-elections and they show pretty accurately how the wind is blowing). Out of 1,772,163 voters who replied to the question as to whether on balance they were for or against Mr. Roosevelt's policies, 1,083,752 replied "For" and only 688,411 said "Against." In other words, three out of every five Americans still back up the President, the proportion being slightly higher than at the general election of 1932.

Congress Goes Home

Clearly the President has not much to fear at the moment from "malice domestic." He and his subordinates can with clear consciences leave the almost unbelievable midsummer heat of Washington.

In the circumstances it might be thought slightly strange that so experienced and astute a politician as Senator Borah should select just this time to launch a nation-wide speaking tour in the course of which he proposes to damn the New Deal root and branch. The official Republican politicians have been more cautious: partly, doubtless, because they cannot even agree among themselves as to how Mr. Roosevelt may most effectively be attacked; but for the most part because they are not yet convinced, individually, that any attack at all is in order.

A study of the editorial comment from the leading daily newspapers of the nation upon the President's recent broadcast may perhaps do something to explain Senator Borah's decision. Out of eighteen editorials which have now reached London, only three give unreserved approval. The other fifteen vary between tepid applause and outright condemnation, the majority verdict perhaps being the admirable Scottish one of "Not proven."

Thus, the *New York Times* found the speech "not up to expectations." The *Boston Herald* thought the President "said nothing of any pressing importance." The *Washington Post* complained of "a certain disregard of fundamentals." The *Charleston News and Courier*

"must disagree with the President." The *Cincinnati Enquirer* thought the speech "leaves something to be desired." The *Kansas City Star* spoke of the "mass of intelligent and disinterested critical opinion of which the Administration needs to avail itself." The *San Francisco Chronicle* thought the President "not happy, or even quite fair, in submitting the issues to the individual citizen." The *Denver Post* said "the speech was couched in the most general terms and was largely a rehash of messages to Congress."

Is the newspaper press of the entire country, then, out of touch with the opinions of its readers? That seems scarcely credible.

Changing Outlook

It must be remembered that the better part of two months elapsed between the posting of the ballots in the *Literary Digest* poll and the delivery of the President's wireless address. Between the return of the *Digest* ballots and the publication of the editorials quoted above, Congress adjourned and most of its members left Washington. A good many had not waited for the adjournment to return to their constituencies. It seems reasonable to suggest that the renewed contact between legislators and electors had something to do with producing the frame of mind in which unreasoning acceptance of the "New Deal" was no longer counted as an essential of patriotism.

It is a maxim of American politics that the mid-term election usually go against the party in power. (The Presidential elections occur every four years; but every two years the whole House of Representatives, and one-third of the Senate, is elected anew). The process is more or less analogous to that under which by-elections here in England usually produce reduced majorities, or even lost seats, for the Government candidates; but the American "off-year" elections are by-elections on a wholesale scale. If the President loses control of Congress the final two years of his term all too often degenerate into a series of wrangles between the White House and the Capitol.

The reception accorded Senator Borah on his coming campaign will provide some indication as to the probable trend of the voting in November. At the moment it would scarcely seem justifiable to assume that the mild discontent and impatience voiced by the newspaper editors will degenerate into a wave of mass feeling. On the other hand, it would be unsafe to anticipate that the Democratic majorities in November will be so high as they were two years ago, or as the *Literary Digest* poll indicates they might be. A reasonable prediction at this time would probably be that the President will retain control of Congress, but with somewhat reduced majorities in both Houses; and that thereafter, should American recovery not exceed its present rate, criticism will tend to increase both in tone and in volume.

King's Cup Air Race Farce

By Oliver Stewart

THE air race for the King's Cup, the semi-finals and final of which will take place to-day, Saturday, at Hatfield aerodrome, has varied greatly in form during the thirteen years of its existence. The course has varied in length from 540 miles to 1,608 miles; the machines have varied from seaplanes to landplanes; the winner's speed has varied from 90 m.p.h. to 150 m.p.h. and the system on which the race is organised has varied from the extremely practical to the extremely artificial.

This year the race is typically British in form. It is rather a sporting gamble than a test of merit; rather a pleasant outing for competitors and spectators than a strenuous contest. Aeroplanes of widely different types are admitted, provided they all have a maximum speed of at least 110 miles an hour. They extend from small single-seaters to relatively large multi-seater twin-engined machines; and the form of the race is artificial in that they are theoretically all reduced to equality in speed by time handicapping. Theoretically, the perfectly streamlined aeroplane with the most highly developed engine should have no advantage over the crudest aeroplane with the most inefficient (in the engineering sense) engine.

Skill at a Discount

Skill in designing is therefore excluded as a means of winning the race. Skill in piloting, while not being excluded, is to a large extent nullified as a means of winning the race because the course of 801 miles does not entail any especially difficult navigation or air pilotage problems. It is divided up into two "rounds" of 232½ miles each, (flown on Friday) and a semi-final of 192 miles and a final of 144 miles to be flown to-day. The semi-finals and the final are flown over short courses in three and six circuits respectively.

In this maze of rounds, circuits, handicaps, heats, semi-finals and final, it is difficult to discern any useful objective. It comes to this; that a large number of aeroplanes and engines of varying quality are artificially placed on an equal level; the level of the least efficient, and are flown round a course divided up into bits and pieces. The only objective the organisers seem to have in view is that of causing two or more aeroplanes to pass over the finishing line close to one another. No attempt is made to recognise merit in design or in flying or navigating technique. If the possibilities of accidents and of pilots losing their way on an easy course are excluded, the winning aeroplane must inevitably be that one about whose performance the handicappers have been most mistaken.

That the most important British air race should have descended to this level is regrettable. But it is not due to deliberate maladministration. On the contrary it is due to the efforts of the Royal Aero Club organisers to make the race all things

to all men and to make it safe. They have striven to produce a formula by means of which the owner of the world's worst aeroplane (poor fellow!) may compete on level terms with the owner of the world's best aeroplanes (lucky chap!) It is all so very noble and so very "sporting" that the competitive element is almost entirely eliminated.

In this country, which is so sensitive to the vice of gambling, enormous thought and energy have been expended in order to turn the King's Cup air race from an air race into a gamble. The element of skill is eliminated and the element of chance is exalted. We have the efforts of the finest pilots in the country and of the finest designers, completely sterilised. It is a sign of the times: times during which risks must not be taken, competitive engagements must be avoided, and everything possible must be done to ensure that the best man does not win.

Artificial Interest

It is impossible, in these circumstances, for any critic who wishes to keep faith with his readers to recommend that they should go to Hatfield to-day to see the King's Cup air race on the grounds that they are likely to see a technically interesting air contest. Interest of a kind may be created by close finishes. It was created last year by a similar formula. But it is artificial interest and has none of that deeper excitement which is to be derived from a genuine struggle between pilots and between manufacturers. As a circus show the King's Cup air race of 1934 may be effective. Those who enjoy circus shows may therefore go to Hatfield with a fairly good chance of being satisfied. But the person who is interested in the technical development of aeroplanes and engines, who wishes to obtain information about the comparative merits of various different forms of construction, had better stay away. Handicapping on known performance has its uses and those who do it for the Royal Aero Club are brilliantly successful at it; but it is not the right thing for an air race which is supposed to be the most important in the British calendar.

The French have shown, in the Coupe Deutsch, what can be done in air racing when limitations are imposed upon engine size. The Coupe Deutsch already produced technical developments of the highest significance. There is no reason why, if the decision is made at once, similar limitations should not be successful in this country for the 1935 King's Cup event. It is not the only possible solution to the problem. There are many others which will occur to all who have studied air racing. But it is a better solution than the present one. Let it be hoped that the formula which is being used in to-day's King's Cup air race, will not be used again and that the King's Cup race will be re-established as an aeronautical event of real technical and competitive importance.

Eve in Paris

A Nobleman in Disgrace

SEATED in the Dock beside a vagabond, also awaiting trial, the Comte de Ségur presented a lamentable appearance in the Court of Pontoise, accused of the death of Madame Brispot. The husband of Cécile Sorel, he acted at the Casino de Paris. On May 22, after the performance he departed with a friend, driving his motor-car. They made a round of bars, starting at dawn for home. Speeding at the rate of 90 Kilomètres an hour the auto mounted the side-walk, crushed its victim . . . and went on.

"You ran away like a coward" said the Judge, sternly. The Comte bowed his head, and wept. His Advocate, Maître Henri-Robert, pleaded eloquently; told of de Ségur's splendid war record, his excellent parents, his grandmother, whose works are a household word in France, and deplored his intemperance. The Count escaped with a year's imprisonment. "Le meilleur garçon du monde" says Clement Vautel, "Clever, kind, irresponsible." But nothing can excuse vices which bring calamity on the innocent; he deserves his punishment.

Sophie, Comtesse de Ségur the famous authoress, was the daughter of Prince Rostopchine, who promised a large dowry, but squandered the money with his own fortune. Learning of Sophie's ruin her father-in-law behaved like a "Grand Seigneur." "Never mind," he said, embracing her, "If we have lost the dowry, we retain the treasure." She proved worthy of his affection. Determined not to be a burden on the family she had entered, she commenced writing; her children's tales, popular still, being bought by Hachette at a high figure.

The amusing and well-informed little paper "Aux Ecoutes" writes "Monsieur MacDonald says he is tired, very tired; but he cannot be so tired as his Country is . . . of him. His government has been a failure; but he has achieved the ambition of all Socialists. He has dined with the King."

Forty Years in Politics

Referring to Monsieur Barthou, Pierre Cot said recently "Politics of the past, carried on by men of the past, lead to war." Monsieur Barthou's aim is peace, not war. He believes in being so strong that enemies will fear to attack. His powers, mental and physical, are amazing. A year Monsieur Doumergue's senior, aged 72, he possesses the vigour of youth. "I am sound" he declared, starting for Roumania. "A question of arteries. Mine are excellent. People scoff, saying I have a splendid past, no future. They said that of Clemenceau before he was re-elected Président du Conseil. I intend remaining in harness." "What must Barthou have been forty years ago?"

wonders the "Berliner Tageblatt," impressed by present achievements.

Monsieur Barthou's political career began forty-eight years ago. Before making the round of Europe, he had made the round of the Ministries and become Président du Conseil. A Béarnais, like Henri IV, he possesses the astuteness of his countrymen. His energy is extraordinary. He rises at five daily, working in his fine library in Avenue Marceau, while others sleep. His literary works have gained him admittance to the Académie, an illustrious body which does not easily open its door to politicians.

A Palace of the Past

The average Parisian knows of the Palais Royal only that tourists visit it. The past possesses no interest for him. He does not, like Prince de Ligne, condemn history, "pour le peu de Foi qu'on peut y ajouter," he simply is ignorant of it. Yet this forgotten Palace has a melancholy charm. One imagines Richelieu and the architect proudly inspecting the newly-finished building, presented later by the Cardinal to Anne of Austria. Lovely and licentious feasts and pageants were given there by the Regent, and fiery Desmoulins made the famous Speech which sent the people to storm the Bastille. A Kermesse has been held in the Palais Royal, to revive its popularity. The public flocked to see Dusanne, Morly, Victor Boucher, selling strange wares. The Gardens became noisy and crowded. Then fashion departed, leaving the place to children and birds, as before.

French and foreign military bands looked gay and imposing, as they marched down the Champs Elysées, followed by enthusiastic crowds. The Toulon Naval band, Swiss Landwehr, Carabinieri Reali, Luxembourg Contingent, Sussex Regiment, and Belgian Grenadiers, all were admired, especially the Moroccan Spahis, magnificent, white-draped men on white horses. The Irish Guards—"les Pipers Irlandais,"—reviving memories of comradeship at Mons and Ypres, received hearty acclamations.

The marriage of Philippe Duc de Luynes et Chevreuse to Mademoiselle Unzie takes place at Dampierre, the Duc's splendid Château, which is filled with treasures. Amongst these is a Sèvres dinner-service, presented by the King of France to a de Luynes, who had offered gold plate to help the depleted treasury. After the wedding festivities, the bride and bridegroom will depart for the old feudal Castle of Luynes, to spend the honeymoon in romantic surroundings.

The Barthou Mystery

By Robert Machray

MONSIEUR BARTHO, Foreign Minister of France, has come and gone. It would be extremely interesting to know what were the impressions he carried away of this brief but doubtless highly important visit of his to our Government. Officially everything connected with his arrival, stay, and departure was of the most cordial and sympathetic character. Our Press gave him a warm welcome, and one of our leading papers said that "British friendship for France was never stronger"—though that is a somewhat ambiguous statement. Naturally our public in general was interested, but it was not excited or enthusiastic.

London was calm, M. Barthou must have felt how different was the atmosphere here from that of Bucarest and Belgrade where lately he had such magnificent receptions not only from Government officials and journals, but from the Rumanian and Yugoslav peoples. A month or two earlier he had been in Prague, and there his welcome had been equally spontaneous and impressive. Even in Warsaw, where his first approach met with some coldness, his visit terminated in the same wonderful personal success. There was no secret regarding his object—the strengthening of the alliances of France with Poland and the three States forming the Little Entente, by the tightening of their common military treaties.

A Regional Locarno

When in Warsaw he pointed out to the Poles that the Four-power Pact, for which they had the utmost detestation, had never been nor was likely to be ratified by France. When in Prague, Bucarest and Belgrade, he took the stage as the stoutest upholder of the Peace Treaties, and the most determined enemy of their revision. So much, indeed, was this the case, that Hungary proclaimed herself deeply aggrieved, and a crowd of infuriated Magyar students burned his effigy in the streets of Budapest, while even in the Little Entente there was a certain reaction, and it was whispered that he had gone too far.

However, the result of the various visits, taken in conjunction with the Balkan Entente, the non-aggression treaties and other proceedings of Soviet Russia, and the responsive attitude of the Baltic States, was known to be an understanding that an attempt be made to organise an Eastern European Pact on the model of Locarno—in short, an Eastern Locarno, a truly enormous "regional" pact. Its promoters stated that Germany could join it, if she wished to do so. Our Government for its part categorically declared that England disinterested herself from regional pacts other than the original Locarno Pact, to which she affixed her signature nearly ten years ago.

In British political circles, a great deal of speculation was caused by the news of M. Barthou's visit to London, and not a few quite fantastic statements or rather guesses appeared in

our papers respecting its purpose. Questions were asked in the House of Commons, and replies given, but perhaps the clearest pronouncement was made by Mr. Neville Chamberlain last Saturday at Birmingham, when he said, "We are not going to enter into any new alliance," meaning thereby that the report of the prospective formation of an Anglo-French Alliance was destitute of foundation.

That the country as a whole is certainly not ready at present for an alliance with France is true, yet the stubbornness of the opposition even to the idea of such an alliance is one of the strange things of this strange time. The interests of England and France are identical in many respects, and an alliance may some day be not only expedient but necessary.

Perhaps I may be permitted to tell a true story of King Edward which, so far as I know, has never been published. Talking with some friends (one of whom, still living, is my authority) of the relations of England and France, the King said: "We are married to France, whether we like it or not. I like the French, and it is a great misfortune that more of you don't like them too."

"Married to France"

"Married to France"—it is a singularly illuminating phrase. In essence it seems to me to be as true now as it was when it was uttered all these years ago—years before the Great War. But so far as can be gathered, it did not obtrude itself in the Barthou conversations, either on his side or the British. According to report, the visit resolved itself into a mere "cordial exchange of views" on the European situation.

But there is something more to be said. M. Barthou was invited to come to London by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald early in June, and the occasion on or out of which the invitation was given is of great significance. After a rather heated controversy, a compromise had just been reached between England and France at Geneva which kept alive or, more truly, appeared to keep alive, the Disarmament Conference, though, as every realist was aware, with the whole Continent rushing to arms, the Conference was dead as mutton.

For more than a year and a half the feature of the Conference had been the wobble-wobble of our Government—the weakness, inconsistency and general silliness of its foreign policy, now here, now there, and never long anywhere. As ever, Mr. MacDonald was prepared to talk and talk, and Sir John Simon has followed suit. It is not difficult to reach the conclusion that M. Barthou came to London to discover whether our Government had by some extraordinary chance so changed as to make decisions and *stick to them*—to toe and keep on toeing a straight line. He was disappointed. The Ethiopian does not change his skin.

The Art of Race Riding

How to Win or Lose

By Admiral Mark Kerr, C.B., M.V.O.

IT is the uncertainty of the sport that makes racing so fascinating. I have sailed boats, and flown aeroplanes in races, but neither of these sports comes up to the excitement of riding in a race of horses. The horse has a temperament, which quality is not possessed by boats or aeroplanes. He is as changeable as a charming lady, more nervous than a nervous child, and is much more responsive to sympathy. Saddle this triumph of inconsistent nervousness and put on its back a highly trained, half-starved jockey, and the result will give you all the uncertain thrills of a roulette table.

There are five things of first importance in the temperament and education of a jockey if he is to be classed as first rate: (1) sympathy with the animal he is riding; (2) judgment of pace; (3) seat; (4) clear thinking and quick decision; (5) the use of whip and spur.

With regard to No. 1. No man will ever attain to real greatness as a jockey unless he is in sympathy with the temperament of the horse, and loves the breed. I have known and been asked to ride horses that were said to be curs and "would win a race for no one." The method by which I persuaded such nervous and, formerly, ill-treated animals to get first past the post was as follows: I would spend many hours in their boxes at the stables, reading a book and occasionally talking to the horse with which I was making friends. After a week or two, and sometimes even less, the animal would lose all his fear of me, and would treat me as a friend.

The Last Spurt

When the great day arrived, I often felt the horse shrink during the race, generally towards the finish, when memory would bring back to him the awful flogging that he had experienced some time before. At such a moment I would speak to him, and his fears would vanish, and he would make every effort to win the race. I recollect riding a horse of this kind in a gallop for a trainer on a race course, and when I came in I said: "This horse has been badly used at some time about three hundred yards before the winning post," and the trainer replied: "Yes, two years ago he was badly flogged at that point by his jockey."

With regard to the second point, judgment of pace is born in a man, but everyone who wishes to ride races, whether born with the aptitude for it or not, must practise it constantly. Personally, I used to have every gallop I rode timed, and after a short while I could tell to a second how long I had taken to ride a certain course, taking into consideration the state of the ground and wind, and by this means I also learned the pace at which races of different lengths should be ridden. In walking the streets even, I was always practising

myself by judging at what point, without changing my speed, I would overtake someone walking ahead of me.

When I was young, I experimented with various kinds of seats, because I had found that lying down against the wind shortened the time of a gallop, and in order to do this it was necessary to pull up one's stirrups. I did not know until years afterwards, that another advantage comes from lying down against the wind, and that is getting the weight of the body in the right position over the horse's shoulder-bone. The horse's shoulder-bone is a spring devised by nature to take the jar off the horse's feet when they come to the ground. The old-fashioned long-stirrup seat put the weight of the body in such a position that the shoulder-bones could not act as a spring, and consequently the jar on the horse's feet was accentuated, and the horse shortened his stride.

Mathematical Gallops

I may here interpolate that the principal reason for horses winning or losing a race is in the lengthening or shortening of their strides. A horse shortens his stride with mathematical precision for every extra ounce of weight that is put on his back. He will shorten his stride also if the jockey or whatever weight is on his back, moves at all.

I found that what I called the half-and-half seat gave the best performance. It is a position between the old-fashioned long-stirrup seat, and the very short-stirrup seat of the present time. It puts the weight in the right place for the shoulder-bone of the horse, and the jockey lies down against the wind in the same way as he can do with a very short seat; but with regard to the movement of the jockey, the difference is remarkable. With the half-and-half seat the jockey has a grip which enables him to remain firmly in his position, even when going over uneven ground or bumping, rounding corners, or in other situations where the jockey, or whatever weight is on his back, moved in the saddle and cause the horse to shorten his stride.

Shortly, one can say that at the start the half-and-half seat has a big advantage: through the race, a great advantage: and at the finish, when the horse is tired and the jockey himself not as fresh as when he started, the advantage is perhaps the most surprising, for the rider has a grip with which he can help the horse by sitting absolutely without movement, and keeping his body balanced so as to prevent the horse from feeling nervous and so allow him to stretch himself to his full stride.

One of our leading trainers told me that he was sure that the half-and-half seat was superior to both the long and the very short seats. One well-known owner persuaded his jockey to lengthen his

stirrups until he got his grip, with the result that he won several good big races, which he did not think he otherwise would have done. I have been told that one of the most successful jockeys in the U.S.A. owes many of his wins to the fact of having lengthened his stirrups. The amount by which the stirrup should be lengthened depends on the shape and length of limb of the jockey.

It is not necessary to wait for a race to try the half-and-half seat. It can be tried by having trials between two horses under the same conditions, one jockey with a short seat and the other with the half-and-half, and then changing the style of seat on the horses in a subsequent test.

With regard to point No. 4, no argument is possible, but as to No. 5, I have very strong opinions founded on experience. I was once asked what I thought of the relative merits of the hands, the whip, and the spurs. I put it as follows: With the hands you will gain a length; with the spurs a neck; with the whip a head. As there are only ten per cent. who know how to use the whip, and only ten per cent. of those can use it without losing the cadence of their hand movement, it stands to reason that there are very few who have ever won a race by its use that they could not have won more easily by using their hands. The cadence of the hands in finishing is entirely different, and does not synchronise with the movements of the whip, and that is why such a tiny proportion of riders can use the whip to any advantage.

Science of the Whip

The whip should, if properly used, touch the horse at the exact moment that his hind legs are making their stride back. If it is the twentieth part of a second out of time, it stops the horse. With the long-stirrup seat, the whip had to be used at full length of the arm, so that the horse felt it on both sides of his body, otherwise he would flinch from it and shorten his stride in consequence. With the modern position of the body so far forward, it is impossible to flog in the old manner, and consequently the use of the whip is even more restricted, and it is obvious that, taking into consideration the proportions given above, if you cannot use both your whip and hands simultaneously and correctly, you had better drop the former and use the latter. As to the spur, if seldom and judiciously used, it will sometimes stir a lazy horse up to his sense of duty, and especially if used before the start, when it will get a sluggish horse on to his toes. It must be properly used and not scratched about over two or three feet or even inches of his body. If he is wondering where the next prick is coming, he will flinch, and flinching will shorten his stride. Don't make any mistake about it—the stride is the thing.

Personally, I imitated that great jockey of the past, Tom Cannon, who only picked up his whip on an average of once in fifty races, and never gave more than two or three cuts, and as, throughout my racing career I averaged a win for every 2.8 races, the non-use of the whip does not seem to have lost me anything, and in the last 280 races that I rode, I won a hundred and three.

I am convinced that hundreds of horses are

ruined by the whip, and many more races lost through its use than are ever won by it. If the whip was made an illegal weapon, racing would improve, and thousands of horses and their owners would benefit greatly. With regard to Lady Houston's example of not running two-year old horses, I would like to point out that one of the great outsiders who won the Derby many years ago had never run as a two-year old. If my memory is correct, it was Merry Hampton. If one thinks of the question in terms of human beings, it is perhaps easier to form a correct judgment. If you are training a young athlete you take great care not to employ anything but light dumbbells and comparatively light exercises while he is growing and developing. Surely the same principle should be carried out for the horse, and to put him into the severe strain of a race during his adolescence must certainly prevent him from reaching his full power in maturity.

India and the Firm Hand

SIR,—It is my misfortune that I have only recently seen a modern copy of the *Saturday Review*. Living for a long period in the heart of India, such things occur.

Having seen it, I find myself most fully in agreement with the main contentions concerning this country as expounded by you. There is, however, one point which I consider to be most fundamentally important.

Stress is laid upon the damage that will be done to England if separation comes about, if the Dominion is lost. It is this attitude which gives the agitators in India a sound platform.

I maintain most strongly that such things as objection to the placing of a tariff against Lancashire goods should be completely removed from the propaganda.

The true reason for the necessity of our remaining in India and with strong control is that India itself will suffer so terribly if this calamity of our loss of control happened. The attitude should not be adopted as to its being England's loss but India's. India's loss is incidentally that of the Empire. Our duty, to my thinking, is to keep the Empire strong in every possible way and to strengthen every part, not one to the detriment of another.

The two things that are needed in India to-day are (1) the best quality of brains that we can find to be sent out to India to guide it along the right path and (2) to see that all the English men, who can be controlled by the Government, who come out to India should understand that politeness to our Indian co-subjects is absolutely essential.

Owing to the heterogeneous and conflicting elements in India, even supposing that guiding forces existed in the country which could design and carry out good Government, the warring nature of the peoples is such that the outside strong control is necessary.

Unfortunately strong unbiased and uncorruptible Indian officials are extremely rare and this is an additional reason for the continuance of England's duty to enforce strong control. India as a whole, that is to say, 999 per thousand of the inhabitants of the Peninsular, want nothing other than strong and sympathetic Government.

In no place in the world, perhaps, is that wicked pronouncement that "Good Government is no substitute for self-government" a more pernicious lie than in India. The true cry in the heart of the Indian is "Give us good and kind Government."

May it not be too late for the monstrous absurdities of the mawkish sentimentalists who govern us to be stopped; but, if this is to be done satisfactorily, I am sure that there must be a complete cessation of the spirit that India should be bled for England's benefit, which is alas! a translation that is very naturally read in such statements as those concerning tariff against the Lancashire goods.

A LOVER OF INDIA.

Hyderabad, (Deccan).

Marshal Foch

By H. Warner Allen

FOCH was a great man because he was convinced that life and death, success and failure, defeat and victory depended on things spiritual. He believed in God with a great simplicity and he knew that no man was ever conquered except by himself, by his own surrender. There was no sentimentality in his religious inspiration. He accepted the impulse that drives even civilised men to war just as he accepted disease, but no one ever hated war more truly. Indeed, the most severe criticism that could be passed on his military career was his granting of an armistice to Germany, before the Allies had occupied German territory. He felt, as he told me, that he could not risk the loss of one more human life. Yet it may be that after the next war his humanity may be accounted as a fault that in the upshot cost many thousands of lives.

It is fashionable nowadays in this country for critics who never commanded a battalion to pour scorn on the achievements of the generals of the war. If only they had been in high command, how different everything would have been. Their brilliant originality combining the genius of every great commander from Hannibal to Napoleon, with a full comprehension of everything that is new and up-to-date, would have swept the enemy before them.

A Matter for History

Yet Joffre did carry out one of the most remarkable retreats in history and win the first victory of the Marne. Yet Foch, as supreme chief on the Western Front, did so far unite the action of the Allies that he finally shattered the German attacks and defeated the German Army. It is possible that their names will be remembered when the names of their critics have been long forgotten.

Some modern writers declare that Foch never made his famous report during the first battle of the Marne that his left was broken, his right was broken, but that all was well as his centre was continuing to attack. Indeed, it is suggested that he contributed nothing to that victory. To that it can only be replied that Joffre himself and every French officer of note believed in the latter stages of the war that he had saved the situation in the centre by his refusal to accept defeat.

The first time I met Foch was in 1915, during that Artois offensive, usually known in this country as the battle of Loos. Never was there a soldier of fewer syllables, and every word he uttered went straight to the point, while his clear blue eyes pierced through a visitor's pose or affection into the heart of things.

"*Foch n'était pas commode.*" So said his Staff. The General himself occupied a small room in a château, while his Staff were accommodated in a long corridor that ran from one end of the house to the other. During the battle he would sit in the corridor before a large map with a rule in his hand, tugging at his moustache as he measured the

advance of his troops. No one dared to raise his voice to an audible whisper. Officers back from the front line, covered with mud, tip-toed into his presence and waited like schoolboys until he withdrew his attention from that all-engrossing plan.

The greatest advantage possessed on the Western Front was the division of the armies that opposed them. France, England, Belgium—they all acted apart—and national pride wasted many thousands of lives. The German successes at the beginning of 1918 proved the doom of Germany. In a desperate situation the Allies—the United States included—were driven to co-operate to an extent that would have been unthinkable, if defeat had not appeared imminent.

The Will to Victory

It was the good fortune of the Allies that Foch was there to effect that co-operation. For he believed in the intangible, in the supreme strength of the will to victory, and his refusal to admit the possibility of defeat inspired all who worked with him. In his calm way, he worked out such a co-ordination of the efforts of the Allies as in the end broke the German spirit. Possibly a Napoleon might have found some quicker road to victory, but why drag in Napoleon? Foch, by a series of regulated hammer blows, retrieved a situation that seemed lost and succeeded in welding by tact, determination and, above all, faith, a series of armies into a single weapon. His victory was a victory of character.

Years after I saw Foch at the Invalides. In his retirement he was a trifle more talkative than in the days of stress and action, and spoke of death with the equanimity of one who has lived his life and awaits patiently the appropriate end. Like all the best French soldiers, he could not abide politicians—"les politiciens," as he called them sneeringly—and not without reason attributed to their shortcomings the sorrows and troubles of the peace. He cordially agreed with a suggestion of mine that we should have been spared much ill if a little more attention had been paid to etiquette at the Versailles Conference. The President of the United States had really no place at a conference of Premiers and Ministers. He should have played his part in a Conference of the Heads of States and delegated his authority to a representative at the executive conference. So the world might have been saved from some of the effects of President Wilson's sentimentality.

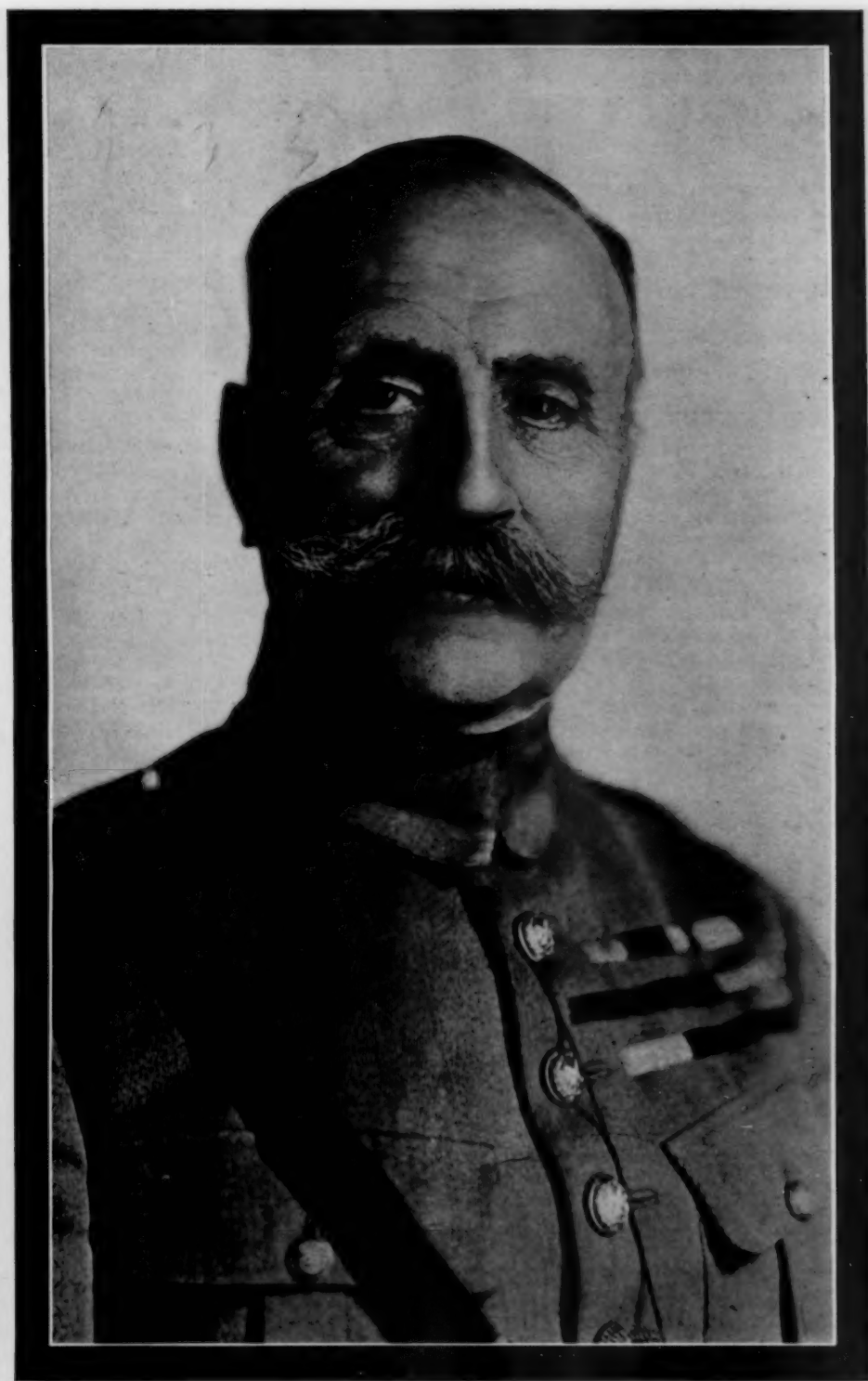
Foch admitted that advances had been made to him to take over the reins of power in France as military dictator. He had thought the offer over and seriously considered accepting it, but in the end he decided that such a revolution might not be absolutely necessary. He remained, however, ready to take up the burden for the sake of his country, but he assuredly rejoiced that the occasion did not arise during his lifetime.

MARSHAL YOSH

NEW YORK

Manual Book

MARSHAL FOCH



Against whose faith defeat could not prevail and whose military genius ended the Great War with the victory of the Allies

An Old Etonian Looks at Lords

Other Days—Other Ways

(The Eton v. Harrow cricket match is being played at Lords this Week)

EVEN when I was at Eton, "Lords" used to be something. Not what it was in my father's time—or so he told me—Oh! dear no! Still it was less anaemic than it is to-day. One was inclined to believe after it that there really was a faint contingency than the Battle of Waterloo might have been won on Eton's playing fields. Now, after two days of mincing steps and mournful poodle-faking, one realises that whatever may have happened in the past a succession of headmasters and aged Provosts have seen to it that no more victories will be so gained.

Littleton started the decline, first by making old women of us by prattling of health and hygiene and putting us into aertex shirts; then Alington did his best to change us. Simultaneously with these attempts to undermine our traditions, each conducted a resolute campaign to make us "nace."

Possibly the head masters were right and the old customs are out of touch with the modern spirit of pacifism. I very much doubt that, if this be so, it is the result of aught but accident; for they started their nefarious campaign before the war. In 1913, I remember, we did put on our old toppers on the second day and we did struggle laughingly with good-natured policemen, who wedged themselves between the opposing supporters of Eton and Harrow. But few hats were bashed in and fewer trophies captured.

It was different in my father's days. Then the combatants set to in businesslike fashion; stout blows were given and honourable wounds sustained. There was also the memorable occasion when the Eton Joby,¹ a venerable old man with a white beard and white top hat, challenged his Harrow prototype to single combat.

A Harrow Triumph

Long did the battle rage, while the rival supporters temporarily abandoned hostilities to form a ring round the veterans and the thud of umbrellas gave way to vocal encouragement. It proved, alas! a bad day for Eton; for Joby was worsted and his white topper carried off in triumph, remaining—it was said—a prized trophy in the Harrow "sock" shop.

All the same we had our fun, even in my day. If the machinations of the masters and the vigilance of the police had robbed us of our birthright outside the pavilion, we found another, and better battleground by mutual consent.

We were not then so sophisticated nor so sated with sedentary pleasures. I can remember to this day the dinner with my father—at Jules—which preceded the evening's sport, the unaccustomed champagne, the lobster à l'américaine, then a new and rather daring dish, the innumerable courses that followed, and, above all, the gentlemanly features and mutton chop whiskers of Emil, reminiscent of an Austrian Archduke.

It must have been a substantial meal, for even my school boy appetite was not quite equal to it. I can remember a distinct yet determined effort before the inevitable strawberries at the end; so that I, who should have been impatient for the fray, was not sorry to sit quietly for a few minutes watching the smoke from my father's cigar while his fingers did what my first nurse used to describe as "cultured things" with the *grand ballon* which seemed to contain so very little brandy.

On with the Battle

Then at last, after a settlement so vast that it exceeded a whole half's pocket money, we were in a cab on our way to the White City. Here the battle was already in progress. Shouts of "Eton!" and "Harrow!" rent the air. There were scuffles and petty conflicts which to-day, I suppose, would be unsympathetically described as "breaches of the peace." But then nobody has any sense of humour to-day.

There was no malice behind these encounters. They came about because one felt one ought to do something to uphold the prestige of one's school; one had no desire to do anyone injury. They were conducted, moreover, with circumspection. No one, for example, who was escorting a woman was ever attacked. Nor do I think, except for an odd bruise or two, was anyone hurt; and if a few Harrovians—and possibly some Etonians as well, though we never admitted this—did find their way into the lake, this was not dangerously deep and the night was wam, so it was considered all in the day's work.

Those were hectic nights, but how gay! One invariably fell among friends and formed oneself into gangs; then one would roam about, making a lot of noise and occasionally indulging in some mad though harmless prank.

I can remember to-day the fate of the entrenched camp, a high sandbagged affair complete with searchlights and soldiers in khaki. Led by my father, we stormed it, drove the inmates out the other side, and captured the searchlight which we turned on the cheering multitude below. But when a group of revellers so far forgot themselves as to damage wantonly a large sign, we soon put a stop to their nonsense.

These glorious days are now over. There is no White City to go to and, even if there were, I fancy the provosts and headmasters and municipal spoil-sports would have their way. Now the emasculated youths of both schools dance "nacely" together at Hurlingham and not even the headmistress of Roedean could find fault with their deportment.

I hope the powers that be are satisfied with their work.

¹ Vendor of sweets and refreshments.

² Tuck shop.

Londoners Prefer Brick

By Ralph Harold Bretherton

A ROW of little houses of Bath stone brings a "foreign" touch to the lane down to the river. They make fronts that hardly have a London look. Somebody seems to have thought of that, for one end of the row has been painted over as if it were mere stucco. There was no need to do it for the sake of protection, for where the stone had been left bare it has weathered well. It stands as sound as the neighbouring brick.

But, if the stone has worn well in the little houses, it has not done so in the big house at the bottom of the lane. There, in some parts, it has flaked, to show that London is not friendly to all stones. And one wonders how there came to be this colony of stone-built houses in a London suburb. London stone is as a rule monumental, official, ecclesiastical, commercial, lordly. That is, it is used in public buildings, churches, big office blocks, the type of town mansion that is passing from the West End, and the new "courts" of flats. Few of us expect to live in stone houses anywhere in or around London. It is hard to think where such houses can be found.

Breaking the Monotony

But here and there London has at some time or other broken the monotony of the bricks with a little venture in stone. The row of little houses I have mentioned is at Richmond. They were inspired, maybe, at the time when Bath, the noblest of our cities, spoke the last word in fashion. Near Gunnersbury station there is a tall Victorian house built in a different way of another stone. There the blocks are not neatly squared, but irregular in size and shape, which gives the stone more than ever a "foreign" look to Londoners.

Somewhere near the Crystal Palace there is a little group of stone-built houses. I remember tumbling on them fifteen years ago when I came back homeless from the war and was scouring London for somewhere to live, but I could not tell you now exactly where they are. And, odd times, I have passed, down Merton way, three or four villas built of blue-grey stone in rather the Bristol manner. There are, no doubt, one or two more stone-built homes in the suburbs, but the full count is very small. Londoners, with rare exceptions, house themselves in brick and rough-cast.

Perhaps the lack of stone houses was rather a surprise to those of us who came to London from the parts of England where such houses were once the rule and brick looked exotic. Now the surprise is the other way about. We are so used to the brick that we wonder to see a stone-built house in any suburb, wonder even more than we do to see a wooden house. Yet there have been folk whose pride or fancy it was to bring stone to the suburbs to build that one villa in a thousand which would not be Londonwise in material or look. Probably London, asking "What's the matter with brick?" looked upon this as a folly. 'At any

rate, the stone never spread far. Nowhere in the suburbs will you find a whole road of stone houses as you will in some provincial towns.

That, perhaps, is as it should be. London has no stone within her bounds, and her proper building material is brick. Her lapse in the 1800's into grey brick was a tragedy, but much of her old brick is of good colour, and so is some of the brick she is using now. On the whole, she has got along well enough without little stone houses. I cannot say that the few stone villas she has are strikingly charming. The Cockney probably has no sentimental regard for them, although we who are only London's adopted sons may have that because they remind us in a small way of home.

Up to thirty years ago or, perhaps, even up to the war, the cities that had good building stone at hand rightly kept brick at bay as they spread outwards into the fields. They ringed themselves around with villas that were characteristic because they were of the local building materials. That meant that many a place developed its own building tradition, which was to be seen in style and colour. Here the tradition was good, and there it was bad, but, at any rate, there was variety throughout the country. To-day, wherever we go the new villas are just the same as those that we see in London.

Eternal Brick

It seems a pity that whole suburbs of London-type houses should surround the cities where once our London eyes sought in stone a change from the eternal brick. Only Bath, I think, is still trying to build little houses in her own way. London tried the Bath way or Bath stuff in at least one row of houses. But on the whole she only imitated it with plaster ruled to look as if it were in blocks. Her attempts to build in other provincial ways of stone are negligible.

But she is becoming increasingly fond of low loose-built walls of small stones in the front of suburban gardens. These are hardly the walls that delight the eye where they divide the fields on the hills, nor yet the walls that we may still see in the older suburbs of the provinces. You must, perhaps, go to some place like Clifton to know what garden walls can be like, stout and tall, roughly-mortared, and with the blocks sometimes of half a dozen different hues, from blue grey to purple. London would be the richer in colour for such walls in the place of her miles of garden fences.

But I know of only one London wall that I think of as provincial, and it is not very colourful, for it is only pale grey. It is off Millbank, at the back of Westminster School. Walk by it, and you will wonder if you are in London, for it is an example of stone-work that is not the London way or, at any rate, has not been the London way for a long time.

Great Joy in the City

A Sermon

By C. H. Spurgeon

(The centenary of Spurgeon, the great preacher and "silver tongued expositor of the Lord" was recently celebrated. We reprint the following striking example of the man-to-man oratory that made him famous by courtesy of the publishers of his works, Messrs. Marshall, Morgan & Scott, Ltd).

"And there was great joy in that City."—
Acts viii. 8

PHILIP went down to the city of Samaria, and preached Christ unto them," and the result of his preaching was that "there was great joy in that city." He had very speedy and very remarkable success. He scarcely opened his mouth without gaining attention, and had not long proclaimed his message before people willingly received it, and many were converted to Christ, so that "there was great joy in that city."

What was the explanation of this wonderful blessing? Something had been done, years before, to prepare the way for Philip. There had come to that region a weary Man, who sat on the well at Sychar, and spoke to Samaria's daughter concerning the living water; and she had heard, believed, and been saved; and she, fallen woman as she had been, had gone back to the city to tell the men that she had met the Messiah, which is called Christ. In all probability, the work done by our Lord at Sychar had affected the whole district, so that, when Philip went to the city of Samaria, he found there a people prepared of the Lord. Jesus sowed the seed; Philip came, and reaped the harvest.

Learn hence that no good work for God is ever lost. If you have laboured in a village or town, and have seen no great success, someone else may see it. If you have prayed specially for the salvation of any person, and laboured to win that one for Christ, and yet have not brought that soul to a decision, someone else may do it. We are workers together, as well as workers together with God; and what one man begins, another may finish. Paul plants; Appollos waters; someone else may come in to gather the increase; and if God gets the glory, what matters it to you what part you have had in it? If your Lord and Master was satisfied with sowing the good seed of the kingdom, leaving Philip to reap the harvest, can you not be satisfied, if you are called to do work that will not yield an immediate return?

The Work Goes On

Often, during my winter's holiday, year after year, I have seen the carts coming down towards the breakwater at Mentone, bringing huge masses of stone, weighing many tons, which were thrown into the sea. For a long time I saw no result whatever of this effort; tremendous blocks of stone were cast into the sea, and covered by the waters. Yet I felt persuaded that something was being done out of sight, though nothing was visible to the eye.

After a while, the piles of stone began to show above the surface of the water, and then we saw that the great foundation work had been done. Now that the structure is nearly finished, and they begin to square up, and put everything in order, we say, "How quickly the work goes on!" Yes, but it really went on just as quickly when we could not see anything of it. Those thousands of tons of stone were not lost, they all went to make the under-water foundation; and whatever is built upon it afterwards is not to have the credit of usefulness any more than that which lay down deep at the bottom of the sea.

Results of Toil

Some of us may have to work on for years, and never see any result of our toil. Let us not faint for a moment, nor be disheartened; some other person may come by-and-by, and all men's mouths may be filled with wonderment at the great work that he does; and yet, after all, he who reads history aright, even the great God who writes it, will know that this man who seems to be so successful owes much of his usefulness to the work of other persons who laboured before him. We cannot tell how much the Master's own service prepared the way for Philip's success when he went down to Samaria.

And I believe that, in this great London, we shall see better and brighter days than these, because of all the work that has been done here in years gone by. Do not tell me that those preachings at Paul's Cross, by men who became martyrs for the faith, were lost efforts. I do not believe that those declarations of the Word of God in Smithfield, by men who were burnt there for their fidelity to Christ, will ever be lost. Let us not imagine that the glorious testimony for Christ of the long succession of the Puritan preachers, who occupied yonder churches across the water, will ever be lost. Neither shall it be that the witnessing in later times of John Newton, and Romaine, and Whitefield, and the other faithful preachers of the gospel, shall be in vain, and that all they did shall be lost. No, London may, at this time, be far from what we want it to be; but, as surely as the labours of the Christ were not lost, so the seed sown by those who came and laboured for him, and have now gone to their reward, shall spring up, and bring forth fruit on some happier and sunnier day than this.

When, perhaps, some of us shall sleep with our fathers, there shall come a day when there shall be great joy in this city as the direct result of our service for our Lord. In Cromwell's time, if you

had walked down Cheapside, at a certain hour of the morning, it is said that you would have seen every blind drawn down, because in every house there was family prayer; and at that hour, every morning, you might have gone from window to window, and have heard the singing of a psalm at almost every merchant's house in the city. It is not so now; but it may be so yet again. Let us have faith in that seed which lies still in the ground; it only needs someone to turn it up, and it shall germinate and grow to the praise and glory of God. . . .

I want this church, at this time, to feel that it is called upon by God to arouse itself before any very great and overwhelming trial comes. Let us begin to feel for the vast city in which we dwell; and if any of you are under the pressure of the present distress, or if you are tried by the loss of some dear one at home, just as these trials worked on the whole church at Jerusalem, so let them work in their measure upon you, stirring you up to seek the souls of men, and to bring others to know and love our Lord Jesus Christ. Oh, that there were such a heart in the thousands of our church-members that everyone desired the conversion of his neighbour! Oh, that we began to feel an inward anguish for those about us who are perishing through sheer indifference, perishing while the glorious gospel is proclaimed so near to them! Oh, that the great sorrow that some of us have had to bear of late might become the mother of a great joy to many others! It was so in Philip's day; there was much joy in Samaria because there had been much grief in Jerusalem. . . .

Beloved friends, I delight to preach to you all the doctrines which I find in God's Word; but I desire always to preach the person of Christ above the doctrine; the doctrine is but the chair in which Christ sits as a Prophet to instruct us. Christ himself is still alive; he has risen from the dead, he has gone into heaven, but he is observant of all that is going on here below; he is making intercession for sinners, and if you trust that living Saviour, He will save you. Oh, that you would do so! This is the gospel we have to preach to you; and this it is which, if it be received, will make you glad. It was this that caused great joy in the city of Samaria. . . .

Joy and Hope

We long to have this great joy in London. We want to see *despairing souls made happy*. My friend over yonder, who has been indulging dark thoughts about whether he can manage to live any longer,—his hand almost feels for the fatal knife—live, poor soul, live! There is hope, there is joy even for thee! Jesus Christ is willing to forgive the chief of sinners, He is ready to renew the most debauched and depraved of men. He is able to make a saint of thee; He can at this moment take the burden from thy heart, and commence a work in thee which shall make thee a totally new man. What sayest thou to this? If thou canst believe in Jesus, there will begin to be joy when I despaired of finding salvation, when I could not think that my sin would ever be forgiven; but that voice, "Look unto men, and be ye saved, all the ends

of the earth," was a word of life and love to my soul; and I would repeat it to-night to those in this audience who are in the depths of despair.

Do not give yourself up; God has not given you up. Do not sign your own death-warrant; God has not signed it. "Come unto me," says Christ, "all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Were you, poor sinful woman, almost hiding away for very shame? Come along with you. Remember what Luke wrote concerning Christ, "Then drew near unto him all the publicans and sinners for to hear him," and he preached to them the blessed word of life. Oh, hear it to-night! Believe in him, and live; and there will begin to be a joy in this city directly when despairing souls are made happy by a holy confidence in Christ.

Poor and Rich

Well, then, dear friends, suppose also that some *sinful men and women should be changed in character*, what joy there will be in this city! Why, there are some men whom I have known, whose wives would hardly recognise them if they became kind, and spoke tenderly to them! If they were to bring home all their wages on Saturday night, the wife would say, "Whatever has come over Charley? I cannot imagine what has caused such a change as this." And if, instead of a word and a blow, or a blow without a word, such a man were to become gentle, and kind and amiable—Ah! well, it would not matter that you had lived in one room, it would not matter that you had but scanty wages, all that would soon be altered; but even if it were not immediately changed, there would come rays of sunlight through that dirty window, and the house itself would speedily become clean and bright; and when there was a happy father, and a happy mother, there would soon be happy children. Yes, there is joy in a city when such a change as this is wrought in men and women who have gone far into sin.

Now you suppose that I am speaking only to the poor; but I am doing nothing of the kind. Why, there are some men who are rolling in riches, yet they are grumpy, and stingy, and quarrelling with everybody in the house, from the youngest servant right up to the wife. They make everybody unhappy by their wicked ways. May God give you new hearts and right spirits, and teach you the sacred art of living according to the law of love! When you once get that word "love" thoroughly wrought into your nature, and into your lives, there will be joy in your houses; and, as houses make up a city, by-and-by, this wondrous work of grace will make great joy in this city. The practical effect of Christianity is happiness, therefore let it be spread abroad everywhere. Let men begin to think about one another, and care for one another, and minister to one another's comfort; and before long, the sure result of the gospel faithfully preached, and cheerfully accepted, and lovingly manifested, will be great joy in the city.

Oh, but what great joy there is because of the *heavenly hopes which true religion creates within the soul*! The man who is a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ has many joys even now.

Katanamei

By Raymond Johnes

(Dedicated by gracious permission to the Emperor of Japan).

Pride of a thousand years, stainless and terrible,
Flood-water powerful and plum-blossom fair,
Sharp as the ice-wind coming from the mountains,
Bright as the mirror when a queen binds her hair.

Nestling in silk and the lacquer's gleaming
darkness:

Live flame, leaping to the war-conch's bray;
Crimson are the blades of the heroes of Yamate
Where the banners are tossing and the war-horses
neigh.

Treasure of the Prince and friend of the warrior
Guarding, though guarded like a royal maid;
Touchstone of honour and pattern of perfection—
Hear, then, the singing of a Samurai blade!

* * *

"Kunimitsu made me in the mountains of Yamate,
White-robed and purified with incense and prayer.
Iron from the hill-side, singing to the anvil,
Many days he wrought me, lapping me with care.

"Lovingly he tempered me in the summer
moonlight,
Prayed the Gods to make me mettlesome and
tough;
Hachiman the mighty stood to see the quenching,
Harkened to my hissing and said it was enough.

"Brightly and cunningly polished they and
mounted me
Carved me with the name of Bishamon of the
Spears:
So I took the sunrise of the dawn millennial
And swept like a comet down the long warring
years.

"Swinging through the fight as the lightning
through the cloud-wrack
Softly singing to myself in little ancient tunes;
Mingled with waters of Minatogawa—
Gallant blood has trickled in my runnels and my
runes.

"Catching the crimson of the battle sunsets,
Leader of the vanward since Dan-no-Ura Bay,
I have lived! Servant of the Son of Heaven,
Cherished in the throne-room and trusted in the
fray.

"Joy of the victor and solace of the vanquished,
Keen crowning mercy to a low-drooping head;
DRAW! But remember who are standing with me,
Shades of the unforgotten, unforgetting dead."

* * *

Grip with the silk-square and hands not unworthy,
Hold your breath in awe as the blade flashes free;
Edged as the salt-spray on the rocks in storm-time,
Curved as the far-off horizon of the sea.

Limpid is the graining as ripples in the moonbeams
Fair as the pathway of honour—and as hard.
Yet, in the peace of a scented summer night-time,
Golden flowers blossom on the hilt and the guard.

* * *

Did you hear them calling, the Ushers of Valhalla,
Calling to your comrades where the great guns
roared?

Blood is the Redemption, sacrifice is glory—
Hilt to your lips for the Spirit of the Sword!

In Praise of Curves

By I. Lambert

THERE is an old saying that Nature abhors
a vacuum; would it not be almost as true
to say that Nature abhors straight lines?
Wherever we turn our eyes we see how natural
loveliness expresses itself over and over again in
a delightful variety of curves.

Think for a moment of the swaying branches
of the birch and willow, of the rainbows fleeting
arch, and the undulation of the squirrel's bushy
tail. How the delicate poise of the harebell's stem
enchants us! The celestial and the terrestrial
universes follow their appointed orbits, circling
everlastingly; and from the grand sweep of the
far horizon, with its subtle arc, to the tiny
rounded petal of the scarlet pimpernel, the earth
rejoices in its innumerable curvings.

Lovers of beauty delight in the gracious
contours of the human body, in the windings of
the placid stream, in the gentle slopes of down
and hill, in the fascinating crescent-curves of the
young moon; and great artists at all times have
been inspired by their grace.

But now, new ideas are abroad and new ideals
are to worshipped. Right angles have become
the range! We are to be weaned from the charm
of the curve, and drilled and ruled into a straight-
line rigidity. Every day we see the new influence
at work.

Architecture, for example, is conspicuous in
its devotion to the new ideal. Harsh blocks of
grim aspect rise from the soil, and these are our
new hotels, flats, cinemas, theatres, town-halls and
churches. While these stark outlines of fortress-
like buildings oppress our eyes, we are to find
consolation in the bleak fact that these structures
are modern, or original, or huge, or all three.

What virtue is to be found in mere size, or
mere modernity? Apparently, the old values of
grace, elegance, proportion, suitability, are no
longer to count in this brave new world. Let
us have strength and simplicity by all means, but
let us not imagine that a curve betokens weakness,
or that ornament must necessarily be complex.

And while, on the one hand, we build up
rectangular masses of stone and cement without
any touch of artistry to redeem them from
hideousness, on the other hand we pull down
mellow old houses and cottages, rich in
memories and picturesque in design, blending
happily with their natural surroundings: so
replacing infinite variety by dull uniformity.

A Damning Indictment

By John Hayward

THE subject of Mr. John Carter and Mr. Graham Pollard's enquiry* is probably familiar by now even to those who have no time or inclination to read anything except a newspaper. It would be surprising if the wide publicity their book has deservedly received has failed to persuade a large number of people, normally uninterested in scholarship and book-collecting of its importance.

To anyone, still ignorant of what it is all about, it can be explained in a few words that after a long and painstaking investigation into a group of some fifty rare and highly prized "first editions" of such authors as Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, the Brownings, Swinburne, Ruskin, Rossetti and Kipling, Mr. Carter and Mr. Pollard are able to show that many of them are forgeries and the rest open to the very gravest suspicion.

Such a revelation, it need hardly be said, will not shake the world to its foundations, though it may well shake the foundations of some reputations; for none of the pamphlets involved in this damning indictment is familiar to anyone outside the relatively small community of collectors, booksellers and students of literature. But it is equally true that the world is not shaken by the news that a crime has been committed in a remote country village.

A True Detective Story

Like the humble victim of such a crime, these expensive treasures are not particularly interesting in themselves except to those who know them well, have believed in them, and having paid considerable sums to possess them, have cherished them on the shelves of great public and private libraries, here and in America.

It is, after all, the principles involved that matter and that makes this offence, like any other, of general interest. Once a crime has been committed, no matter who the victim may be, the public is profoundly concerned that justice should be done, and the perpetrator, if possible, caught. For this reason it was incumbent upon Mr. Carter and Mr. Pollard, once their suspicions had been aroused, to pursue their investigations without delay, and without fear or favour. This public-spirited duty they have performed with skill, intelligence, disinterestedness and devotion; and the story they have to tell in this book is as exciting and stimulating as a dozen first-class detective stories, with this added advantage, from the reader's point of view, that it is a true story with real facts to support it and a real villain.

It is precisely this that makes their deductions, their reconstruction of the evidence and their conclusions so disquieting, and more especially to those who care for the good name and repute of bibliography. For although the authors are unable to identify the actual forger, it is obvious that anyone clever to get away with such extraordinarily ingenious forgeries and deceive the experts of two continents for close on half a

century, must have had accomplices or at least unwitting accessories. To read this book is to be convinced and uncomfortably convinced that there must surely be more than one person still alive who could throw light on the fraud.

After a patient analysis of the type employed in the execution of the forgeries, the authors are able to establish how and where the forger found his opportunity. Peculiarities in the design of three letters show that a number of the suspected books could not have been printed before 1880, though all of them bear dates on their title-pages earlier and in some cases many years earlier than this; and further that they must all have emanated from one printing establishment, in spite of the fact that they purport to be printed at places as widely apart as London, Edinburgh, Kendal, Reading and Cambridge, Mass.

The Innocent Printers

By a stroke of luck, the printer was traced and turned out to be the well-known firm of R. Clay & Son, who readily agreed that the forgeries must have been printed by them in their exclusive fount "Long Primer No. 3." It is clear that Messrs. Clay were the innocent means of providing the forger with a perfect opportunity and an all but perfect alibi; and it is perfectly clear why they were duped.

At the time when the forgeries were produced they were making elaborate facsimiles and "privately printed" tracts for the Shelley Society and private customers. Unfortunately they cannot give further details since their ledgers for the period have been destroyed. The question when the forgeries were uttered has been corroborated in the case of a large number of the fifty odd suspects under consideration by the use, for the first time, of a microscopic test of the paper on which they are printed.

How it ever came about that such a famous collector and bibliographer as Mr. Thomas J. Wise was so far deceived as to sponsor a majority of the forgeries in the volumes of his great Ashley Library catalogue, and so assured of their genuineness and rarity as to procure a large stock of them and then sell them privately through an agent, are puzzling questions. For even granted that bibliography as a science is only of recent growth; that tests available to-day were unknown forty years ago; that Mr. Wise was then a young man and older, if not bibliographically wiser men than himself had accepted these impostures; Mr. Carter and Mr. Pollard maintain that ordinary caution and the application of a few elementary tests should have been sufficient to raise doubts and uneasiness. The question now is can Mr. Wise throw any more light on the matter: or, if he cannot, is there anyone else who can?

* An Enquiry into the Nature of Certain Nineteenth Century Pamphlets. By John Carter and Graham Pollard. (Constable 15s.).

Byron and Shelley

The Story of their Friendship

OPINIONS will always differ as to how far the private lives of the great, as apart from their achievements, are a fit subject for biographical dissection. Some would argue that it is only the achievements that should really concern us, while others hold that properly to understand and appreciate those achievements it is necessary to probe deep into the personality of the hero and into the life he lived.

As a novelist turned biographer, Miss Isabel C. Clarke is perhaps naturally inclined to stress the importance of the human story, to dwell on incident and character rather than to attempt any appreciation of the ultimate achievement. And so in her "Shelley and Byron, a Tragic Friendship" (Hutchinsons, 18s.), she has comparatively little to tell us of the work of these two poets, confining herself mainly to their private lives, their relations with one another, the Shelley ménage and the constant intrusions of Byron's amours.

No biographer possibly has yet done complete justice to Byron's character, which his own flagrant and flamboyant indiscretions and contemporary venom have done so much to besmirch. Miss Clarke essays a more or less sympathetic portrait, but the result is somewhat colourless, a mere shadow of what the real Byron probably was.

The Hoppner Letter

She seems disposed to acquit him of the sin of holding back the letter Mary Shelley wrote to Mrs. Hoppner defending Shelley from the monstrous accusation brought against him and Clare Clairmont, but she considers his treatment of the latter both harsh and cruel and draws attention to what she regards as a violation of his solemn undertakings.

As to this it is a fact that Clare Clairmont literally threw herself at the head of Byron; he probably was never more than temporarily infatuated with her; and her character was so unlike that of her gentle, lovable stepsister Mary that he might well have felt justified in saving their daughter Allegra from her influence.

Miss Clarke admits that Byron had not only "plenty of moral courage," but also "possessed a strong sense of justice." He was indeed very far from being the "ignoble soul" that Trelawny's inferiority complex made him out to be—after his death.

Byron may have believed that there was truth in the Hoppner scandal, but he had a real affection and esteem for Shelley, who was, he wrote after the *Ariel* disaster to Murray, "the best and least selfish man I ever knew. I never knew one who was not a beast in comparison."

Miss Clarke traces out for us the various stages in the growth of a friendship that had such a tragic termination in Shelley's death from drowning.

And from her pages one gets a just estimate of Shelley's real character—his deep-seated love for his wife Mary, his patience, his simple kind-heartedness, his willingness at all times to help his friends and his tact in managing their affairs: "the gentlest and most humane of creatures," as Mary herself spoke of him,

A History of British Chess

TIME was when England was the centre of the chess world. That was in the Victorian age when England could boast some of the leading players of the game and when Simpson's Divan was the resort of all the experts.

Of those spacious times, of the beginnings that led up to them and of the less glorious period that has since intervened, Mr. Philip W. Sergeant has now supplied a full and entertaining record ("A Century of British Chess," Hutchinsons, illustrated, 15s.). As a recognised authority on the game, who has already produced several books enjoying a wide popularity among chess players, Mr. Sergeant was the obvious author for such a comprehensive work, though he modestly tells us in his preface that he only undertook a task which he felt ought to be undertaken because no one else seemed inclined to get down to it.

In this book the chess enthusiast will find not only a complete account of the game and its players in the British Isles from 1830 onwards, but tables of all the Master Tournaments in this country, and of the British Championship, the British Ladies' Championship, the Cable Matches and the Oxford and Cambridge Matches.

The University Matches started in 1873, and the spectators in that year and the following year were estimated to number anything from 600 to 800. That gives one some measure of the interest taken in the game at that time in this country. To-day the spectators rarely, if ever, reach twenty.

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More Novels for the

A Real Falstaff

HERR Alfred Neumann has won for himself a great reputation on the Continent as the writer of historical novels. Some of these have been translated into English and now Messrs. Jarrold are offering at 7s. 6d. yet another translation—an excellent one by Trevor and Phyllis Blewitt. This is entitled "The Mirror of Fools," the original German title being "*Narrenspiegel*."

In this book Herr Neumann depicts for his readers a truly amazing Falstaffian character of flaming red features, enormous girth, bellowing laughter, tremendous capacity for drinking, with ever empty purse and endless impudent devices for filling it. This is Duke Heinrich of Liegnitz, Prince of the Holy Roman Empire at the time Elizabeth sat on the English throne. There is an irresistible fascination about this old ruffian who scandalises everyone he comes in contact with, but goes merrily on his mad course laughing at every misfortune that overtakes him.

One cannot wonder at his melancholy counsellor Schweinichen remaining faithful to him to the end, while lamenting his follies. "He sticks his thick head into every possible noose and howls with laughter. And the land threatens, the estates threaten, the Bishop threatens, and the Emperor threatens. How, in the name of Heaven, can a man go on laughing!" is poor Schweinichen's comment. What impresses one throughout is the Elizabethan spaciousness of the story.

* * *

Another Philpotts Story

Mr. Eden Philpotts in the "Portrait of a Gentleman" (Hutchinsons, 7/6) has fashioned out of his sly wit and gentle satire both a skit on High Art and yet another set of live and entertaining characters, giving us withal a book that whiles away pleasantly our leisured hours. The main character, the subject of the portrait or rather a couple of quite dissimilar portraits, is Newton Poppleford, twice Mayor of Chobley-by-Penge, gardener, international table tennis champion, a keen miscegenationist and impressive talker, and as a foil to this most respectable of citizens we have his brother Peter with his wily stratagems for procuring the money he lacks. The first portrait, which is the production of the new "Vorticist" school of art, is supposed by the artist to represent Newton Poppleford's "soul," but as it looks for all the world like a "broken-down Turkish carpet," it is naturally displeasing both to the sitter and the Chobley Council who are to enshrine it. The other, resulting from the artist's professed conversion to an admiration for the Great Masters, is "an astounding likeness"—"the familiar lift of the chin, the tendency of the torpedo beard to bristle, the pebbly brightness of the eyes, the florid hue of the skin, the great tawny arch of the eyebrows—all were there." And how these two different portraits came to be painted and what happened in the end, it must be the reader's joy to discover.

* * *

Episodes in the career of the 'heretic' Dominican monk, Giordano Bruno, who met his death at the stake in 1600 after appealing to the verdict of posterity—a verdict that has assigned him a high place among the creators of modern thought—form the subject of Marjorie Bowen's "The Triumphant Beast" (John Lane The Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.). It is an absorbingly interesting book, perhaps the best of this gifted writer's many historical novels.

* * *

Artifex Intervenes

In the realms of fiction many great detectives have been produced from Scotland Yard but few more versatile than Mr. Artifex who is the product of the imagination of Richard Keverne. In his book "Artifex intervenes" (Constable, 7s. 6d.) Mr. Keverne has set Mr. Artifex three problems which at first seem as difficult of solution as the Brighton Trunk Murder now taxing

the best brains of Scotland Yard. However, Mr. Artifex sets to work in his own methodical way and gathering his pieces in the jig-saw puzzle of clues fits them perfectly. His method of working makes the problem look ridiculously simple at the end. The three yarns are well spun and they are of that convenient length which make excellent reading at any odd time. Mr. Keverne has the delightful knack of twisting and turning his scenes so that one's interest never flags. You must meet Mr. Artifex.

* * *

Those who delight in the salty humour of W. W. Jacobs, with his piquant company of skippers and their ladies, night watchmen, malingerers, frequenters of marine and rural inns, will rejoice in the new omnibus volume of his short stories culled from "Many Cargoes," "Sea Urchins," "Light Freights," "Odd Craft," and "Short Cruises" and now published by Methuen at 7/6 under the title of "Cruises and Cargoes."

* * *

Pulitzer Prize Winner

The winner of the Pulitzer Prize for 1984—that fact greets one on the cover of Mrs. Caroline Miller's "Lamb in his Bosom" (Frederick Muller, 7s. 6d.) and prepares the reader for something out of the ordinary. And in dipping into the book he or she is not disappointed. One is transplanted into an age and a primitive civilisation of which the ordinary reader can know nothing, yet so sure is Mrs. Miller's touch and so complete her mastery over every kind of decorative detail that these unfamiliar surroundings soon lose their novelty and these pioneer folk of the Georgia wilderness before the American Civil War become very real human beings. A fine tale, told with a simplicity that matches the lives portrayed.

* * *

It is difficult to say what exactly impelled Mr. Gerald Bullet to rewrite the story of Genesis, but that is what he has done in "Eden River" (Heinemann, 5/-). He gives us a new explanation for the murder of Abel, sexual jealousy. The two brothers had shared quite happily the loves of two of their sisters, but the third sister, Kireth, Abel had determined to keep to himself. So in Cain's mind there came "a flash of darkness and in that moment the golden age was ended." Adam and Eve, in Mr. Bullet's version, are not driven out of Eden. They remain there for some hundreds of "moons". But Mr. Bullet tells us of Adam's two selves—the waking self and the dreaming self and possibly the whole thing is an allegory. As Larian, Cain's wife, says at the end: "The family of Adam is divided and shall be divided many times. And men will follow dark ways; famine and pestilence and madness will come upon them, so that they will turn their hands against each other, and the rivers will run with blood. Yet some among the sons of men shall remember Eden and spend themselves in search of it." Perhaps those words contain the key to the puzzle. But, apart from the puzzle as to *motif*, this slight book of 184 pages is not without its interest and charm; one could hardly expect anything less than that from Mr. Gerald Bullet.

* * *

Fine Character Study

A truly wonderful psychological study of the warped mind working to destroy human happiness is to be found in Hugh Brooke's "Miss Mitchell" (Heinemann, 7/6). It is the story of a housekeeper who manages the ménage of a rich and rather unusual family. Outwardly a calm, intelligent, pleasant little woman, Addy Mitchell possesses neither conscience nor mercy; with a mind warped in childhood through her mother's neglect she devotes herself tirelessly and fiendishly to compass the ruin of all who trust her. Her endeavours to wreck the lives of two young people result eventually in her own downfall and death. An absorbingly interesting book that once begun cannot be put down.

Library List

Sleuths

By Richard Keverne

The Saint Again

"THE Misfortunes of Mr. Teal" by Leslie Charteris (Hodder & Stoughton 7/6) is a collection of three stories with the popular "Saint" as hero-villain. He gives Chief Inspector Teal a busy time trying to bring him to justice for his philanthropic crimes and is admirably assisted by that strange creation Hoppy Uniatz. You will need a dictionary of gangster slang to appreciate Hoppy. Plenty of thrill here: and the "Saint" wins every time!

Crime in a Castle

Mr. Dornford Yates in his latest story of crime and adventure, "Storm Music" (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.) goes once more to a romantic middle-European castle for his setting. There is stupendous wealth at stake, there are a beautiful lady of high degree for a heroine, a blundering, honest immensely brave young Englishman for a hero, and a gang of evil villains of the deepest dye doing the deepest dyed villainies all to no avail in the end.

In fact, it is the mixture which Mr. Yates' many admirers have taken with breathless pleasure before, and will take again with equal pleasure as dispensed in "Storm Music."

Mystery and Adventure

There is a very good entertainment in Norval Richardson's "Third and Last" (Jenkins, 7s. 6d.) and a very charming heroine in Sheila (Bun) O'Reilly who frustrates the evil schemes of a collection of rogues bent upon a peculiarly cruel villainy.

This is an honest thriller that succeeds in catching your interest in the beginning and holding it to the end. The scene is laid in Paris and the Riviera with occasional diversions to other parts of Europe, and the author conveys the impression that he knows the life about which he writes. Mystery, crime and adventure blend well in the narration of "Bun's" efforts to discover what happened to the missing wife of a rich American. A good week-end book this.

Reddest Russia

"Red Square" by S. Andrew Wood (Ward Lock, 8s. 6d.), is a book for a railway journey. I don't think Mr. Wood has much first hand knowledge of modern Moscow but he has made up quite a good story about the terrible O.G.P.U. — "the three letters," the "Gay-Pay-OO" as he calls that sinister organisation, and he depicts it in lurid colours. His heroine is a nice English girl communist, his hero a nice Englishman gone nearly as red. Their adventures and experiences in Moscow tend to change their colour.

Terrible Villainies

"The Fleetwood Mansion's Mystery" by Maurice B. Dix (Ward Lock, 7/6) is no book for the critical reader. Its improbabilities are legion; its villain gets himself elected to Parliament in order to bring off a bank robbery, and shoots people with unerring aim whenever he feels like it. That's the sort of stuff. But even that is not so improbable as the action for slander which is heard in the High Courts four weeks after the slander was uttered! And yet if you are thoroughly fed up and weary and don't want to quibble, you will find this book quite readable—perhaps because it is so impossible. But take the dust cover off before you read it, otherwise your hands will take the ink off the dust cover. At least mine did.

Robert The Bruce

MR. ERIC LINKLATER is the type of writer to do justice to the story of a national hero like Robert the Bruce. Beyond the bare outlines of his career we know so little about him. It needs more than a little imagination to give us a clear picture of a living, breathing man, and this Mr. Linklater manages to do ("Robert the Bruce," Peter Davies, 5/-) from the scant material at his command, putting his own interpretation on doubtful historical points. Perhaps it was to cover the duplicities of Bruce that we are given such a sinister and hardly just portrait of Edward I. of England. In any case Mr. Linklater has to admit that in his early career Edward's vassal Bruce was certainly not animated by the kind of patriotism that moved Wallace. He was rather the long-headed, far-sighted, unscrupulous politician who bided his time. Later he moved nearer to the Wallace ideal. "He re-created a nation, he unified a people that has always shown a genius for disunion, he won for Scotland a few years of rarest triumph and fighting one of the decisive battles of the world he achieved a victory whose name became his monument and the covenant of his people." He showed his statesmanship after Bannockburn by exhibiting an earnest desire for peace.

Romance in Banking

Romance and High Finance would appear at first glance to have little in common, yet Mr. J. F. Ashby, in "The Story of the Banks" (Hutchinson 18s.) has written a book which, in tracing the growth of our present day banking system from its primitive beginnings, is a romance in itself. From barter to bank notes, the author points out the trail which succeeding generations of bankers have followed to reach the high level of economic soundness and stability attained by the British banking system to-day.

Incidentally it is interesting to read Marco Polo's account of the financial system of the Mongol Emperor Kubla Khan. There, in the thirteenth century, was a complete and workable paper currency system not very unlike that employed by this country to-day.

Mr. Ashby keeps a good grip on his subject through the chapter in which he describes the birth and growth of the Joint Stock Banks of to-day, and he does not fail to show the extraordinary parallel between the economic conditions existing in this country during the years following the close of the Napoleonic Wars and those of our present difficult times, the aftermath of the Great War. The next five chapters, however, which are devoted to each of the "Big Five" Banks, make somewhat tedious reading in parts and the detail has the appearance of being too carefully compiled from officially inspired sources.

Happily in the later chapters the author reverts to his earlier more attractive style.

An Autobiography of the Sea

In "Fifty Thrilling Years at Sea" (Hutchinson, 18/-), Captain G. J. Whitfield, at present in command of R.M.S. Arundel Castle, tells the story of his life at sea. He started as an apprentice in sailing ships and for some years worked in windjammers before he turned over to steam. As is to be expected his experiences in the early days are exciting enough to satisfy the most ardent searcher after adventure.

The old sailing ships were a hard school, but they did teach a man seamanship, which is still the most important part of a seaman's training in spite of all the modern inventions and safety devices. And Captain Whitfield is a living proof that this is so, for without that knowledge, he would not now be in command of one of the latest R.M.S. liners.

The gulf between the comfort of a modern liner and the old windjammer is most vividly pictured. And yet, from the depths of a comfortable chair in his luxurious cabin, I rather think that Captain Whitfield must sometimes yearn for his old sailing ship days. Despite the hardships and the discomfort, it was a man's life.

"Fifty Thrilling Years at Sea" is a very readable book.

A Spectacular Irishman

MR. DENIS GWYNN, himself an Irishman, has long been regarded as a competent authority on that mercurial element, the Celtic temperament. The subject of his latest study ("The O'Gorman Mahon," Jarrolds, 12s. 6d.) is one of the most dramatic and flamboyant personages who have ever crossed, and held, the stage of Anglo-Irish politics.

Although the realist may object that in the whole of his ninety years — years of adventure, misconduct and sensational offensiveness — the O'Gorman Mahon achieved little that was constructive or useful to his fellow men, it can at least be said of him that his career gave a bright splash of colour to the otherwise sombre pageant of Victorianism.

The O'Gorman Mahon's greatest achievement was, as a young Irish landowner, to persuade O'Connell to fight the most famous and effective of all by-elections in the history of County Clare; and his worst (in the opinion of the author) to retard the Home Rule Movement by nearly 25 years by introducing Kitty O'Shea to Parnell—an act the consequence of which it was impossible for him to foresee.

In spite of his wanderings in Chile, France and Turkey—in which countries he could boast of having killed more men in duels than any other prominent man of his age—he retained to the end a profound love of Ireland and its people, to whom he was always fair, generous and sympathetic.

A Rascally Figure

Mr. Gwynn, who appears to have had scant material at his disposal, makes no bones about portraying his subject as a ridiculous, theatrical and rascally figure, and rather unnecessarily quotes at length Thackeray's malicious satire of him (as the O'Mulligan of Ballymulligan).

Yet, apart from his peccadilloes, his bravado and his romantic lust for satisfying outraged honour at the pistol point, the O'Gorman Mahon was a man of no small genius, a master of persuasive oratory, a personality that could influence such hardened statesmen as Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone and the grim Bismark, and competently lay the foundation of such an important (if ill-fated) financial enterprise as the Anglo-German Bank.

The O'Gorman Mahon was typical of the old landowner classes of Ireland, and, apart from his glamour as a picturesque and swashbuckling dandy of 19th century politics, deserves a place in history beside such personalities as George Psalmanasar and other gifted eccentrics who left an indelible mark upon their century. He was not a good man—as few men are whose lives are principally spectacular—but it is unquestionable that his intentions towards his own country were both honourable and sincere. It was Fate, and not lack of desire, that stemmed the influence he might have had upon Irish politics. Unfortunately, with that Celtic love of change he found himself inexorably dragged in the flux of adventures, intrigues and rogueries which undermined any continuity of purpose he might have had.

RAYMOND SEAGHDHA.

Yogis and Magicians

What a Journalist saw in India

THE ordinary English visitor to India, if he or she has friends in the country, sees something of European "station" life, the Taj Mahal, new and old Delhi and possibly one or two other historic "sights" and, if lucky, enjoys a few days' sport—pig-sticking or shooting in the jungle.

The ordinary tourist, on the other hand, has to confine himself or herself to visiting a few well-known places such as come within the programme of a rapidly executed tour.

Mr. Paul Brunton falls into neither of these two classes. Though a journalist, he does not seem to have been engaged at the time in any journalistic work. His visit to India was apparently for a special private purpose: to discover the real sacred India, India's spirituality at its finest and best—no doubt with the mundane idea of a book in the end!

Actually he went in search of the Yogis. He came across, in his wanderings from Southern India to Northern India and back again to the South, many different types of Yogi practitioners. He has something to tell us of them all in his very readable book ("A Search in Secret India," Rider and Co., 15s., illustrated, with a foreword by Sir Francis Younghusband).

Reviving a Dead Sparrow

Here is an account of a wonder-worker at Benares:—

A sparrow is strangled and left exposed to our gaze for about an hour, so that we can assure ourselves that it is really dead. Its eyes are motionless, its body sad and stiff; I cannot discover a single sign which might betray the presence of life in the little creature. The magician picks up his magnifying glass and concentrates a ray of sunlight into an eye of the bird. I wait while a few minutes pass uneventfully. The old man sits bent over his strange task, his large eyes fixed in a glassy stare, his face cold, emotionless and non-committal. Suddenly his lips open and his voice breaks out into a weird, crooning chant. A little later the bird's body begins to twitch. Then comes a slight fluttering of the feathers and within a few minutes the sparrow is on its legs, hopping around the floor. During its next phase of this strange existence the bird gathers sufficient strength to fly up in the air, where it busies itself for a while in finding new perching points. . . . A tense half-hour passes. At last a sudden climax provides me with a fresh surprise. The poor sparrow falls through the air and lies motionless at our feet. . . . An examination reveals it as breathless and quite dead.

Other magicians divine his thoughts, make figures and coins dance on a table in open daylight and give amazing illustrations of breath and blood control. He also makes acquaintance with the Westernised Yogi, combining "the oldest learning of the world with the high-pressure, mechanised civilisation of an up-to-date city."

But all the time his "complex nature"—containing, as he tells us, the "two elements of scientific scepticism and spiritual sensitivity"—remains dissatisfied. Finally, he returns to the Great Sage of Southern India, the Maharishiee of Arunachala, the sacred red mountain. Here he receives the spiritual enlightenment he needs.

It is to be feared that this part of Mr. Brunton's story, though to him the most impressive, will hardly appeal as much to his readers as his account of the less spiritual *jaduwallahs* (wonder workers).

Correspondence

Secrets of Polichinelle—III

SIR,—Who was the man that in the very crisis of England's agony during the Great War, tried to force non-victorious peace on this country by organising the Leeds Conference of June 1917?

His was a treasonable attempted bloody revolution, having for its object the overthrow of the House of Commons in the same way as the Petrograd Duma was overthrown, by setting up Soviets here under the name of Soldiers' and Workers' Councils and by inciting to mutiny British soldiers in the same way as the Russian army was corrupted.

Did Admiral Sims, the United States representative, coming here shortly after the Leeds Conference, express surprise at our neglect in not punishing seditionists, and did he say that if a certain British M.P. had been an American citizen, his neck would not have been strong enough to stand the strain of his native climate, and did he mention the British M.P. to whom he referred, and was it this man?

RICHARD GLOVER.

Yewbank House, King's Road, Ilkley, Yorks.

Another Monster

SIR,—Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has disappeared on a holiday.

Another monster has made its appearance in Loch Ness. Is there any connection?

J. L. KESTERING.

Gordon Square, W.C. 1.

A Herring League

SIR,—Another excellent idea from Lady Houston. If more people ate herrings regularly once or twice a week, instead of meat, their health would undoubtedly improve and they would also be helping a British industry. Let us start that League at once.

AGATHA JAMES.

Stanhope Gardens, S.W.7.

How to Secure Peace

SIR,—Mr. Churchill has been asking what Mr. Baldwin proposes to do about the Air Peril and the defencelessness of London against air attack.

He has rightly stressed the fact that if the Conservatives were true to their principles, we should not be in our present defenceless condition.

The remedy is obvious. While Mr. Baldwin leads the Conservative Party nothing will be done. Therefore the Conservatives should choose a new Leader.

And that Leader should be one, like Mr. Churchill, who realises that the best security for Europe's peace is a strong Britain.

S. K. MANNERS.

Park Lane, W.

To Yorkshire Men and Women in London

SIR,—There must be thousands of Yorkshire people or descendants of Yorkshire people in London and the home counties, who are not Members of the Society of Yorkshiremen in London.

Accordingly we venture to ask you to find space for this letter in the hope that it will catch the eye of those who are eligible for membership.

It was founded in 1899 to promote intercourse, cordiality and good fellowship amongst Yorkshire men and Yorkshire women in London. The Society has a Benevolent Fund which is giving assistance to many unfortunate and deserving Yorkshire people, both old and young; but this can only be ensured by an increased membership.

With this Association is merged the Yorkshire Society, founded in 1812, which has for its object the educating, boarding and clothing of boys born in Yorkshire.

We appeal to all Yorkshire people to give to this County organisation the support which it deserves by becoming members of it.

Information as to terms of subscription, etc., can be obtained from the Hon. Secretary at the Society's Headquarters, Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2.

WILLIAM EBOR (President 1934).

HALIFAX (President 1933).

Whither are We Tending?

SIR,—I gather that owing to ill-health we may have the misfortune to lose the invaluable services of the great patriotic war-time peace-time Leader and outstanding statesman, to whom the Stickit Minister, and his quitter pack, have handed over the destinies of our great but no longer mighty Empire.

I also gather, that Stickit, who likes to sit in the House all day, with nothing to do and little to say, is much much too humble—or is it much too lazy and cowardly?—to think of stepping into the breach, like a man and an English gentleman, to lead his country in these times of her dire need.

In all humility, as a good and true Conservative, of nearly fifty years, I venture to suggest to Stickit, that, if his pal fails owing to ill-health to accomplish his life's work (the destruction, under orders from his alien masters, of the British Empire), he (Stickit) should appoint the present leader of the present mock Opposition to the vacant office. This other outstanding statesman would quickly finish off the job!

Stickit could then retire to a well (honourably?) earned rest, in his arm chair.

ALEX. C. SCRIMGEOUR.

Honer Farm, Chichester.

The Socialist Road to Ruin

SIR,—After studying the opinions of Socialists I have met, I can only come to the following conclusions:—

1. There is the sentimental crank who thinks and believes he can make a new heaven on earth, and has no idea of human nature as it is, and believes he knows everything.

2. There are any number of idle, ignorant and incompetent ne'er-do-wells who are too lazy and idle to work, and have not sufficient brains to get their own living, but depend upon others to make work for them, and are always on the look out to get something for nothing.

3. There is a class who have made money and are very anxious to get a title of some sort, and support Socialism financially, not caring what mischief they cause the country, and knowing full well they could not get their desire through any other source.

There is another style of Socialist come out of his shell, and that is Sir Stafford Cripps, who has made himself prominent with a programme that means bloodshed if he cannot get his own way, and I think a little timely warning would not be out of place by drawing his attention to the fact that there are still Englishmen who love their country, and would not hesitate to curb his warlike intentions by giving him very short shrift by introducing him to a lamp post.

Wherever Socialism has been tried it has done nothing but spread ruin, discontent, disaster, and distress all round.

VIGILANT.

St. Leonards-on-Sea.


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MADE IN ENGLAND

Growth of the Building Societies

By A. G. Jenkins

THE great strides which the Building Society movement has made in Great Britain are not generally realised by the public, despite the rush of depositors which has resulted from the decline in interest rates and the paramount desire for safety during the period of trade depression. There are over 1,000 building societies in this country, having total assets of nearly £500,000,000; the societies had average annual receipts for the four years to 1932 of over £160,000,000 and made average annual advances of nearly £79,000,000. These figures were disclosed at the International Congress of Building Societies held in London last year, and Sir Harold Bellman, chairman of the Abbey Road Building Society, has estimated that, since the advent of the movement in this country, at least 2,000,000 houses, providing accommodation for about 10,000,000 people have been financed by the building societies.

Comparisons of the figures for 1932, the last complete year for which statistics are available, and of 1913 show that share capital and deposits have grown since 1913 from £61,535,000 to £447,634,000, while the amount advanced on mortgage at £90,253,000 was in 1932 almost ten times as great as the advances made in 1913. There are 93 societies in Great Britain with assets of over £500,000, and of these the Halifax is by far and away the largest, with twice the volume of assets of the "Abbey Road," which, again, is well ahead of the Woolwich Equitable. The names of the Halifax and the Abbey Road are by-words in household parlance by reason of their size and the publicity which they receive, but it is, perhaps, in the recent growth of the smaller and lesser-known societies that the most remarkable figures are to be found.

Flood of Money

The year 1932 was epoch-making for many financial institutions and perhaps most of all for the building societies. The fall in interest rates, which culminated in the conversion of the 5 per cent. War Loan to a 3½ per cent. basis, drove thousands of investors to seek employment for their savings in safe channels which would provide something better in the way of income than that obtainable on Government stocks and investments of a kindred nature. The building societies were at that time offering 5 per cent. tax-free on deposits, and so attractive did this prove that many of them were quickly forced to refuse new depositors, and the limitations imposed by law on the class of investments available to building societies meant that it was no longer possible to earn 5 per cent. on the huge volume of funds which had found their way into the societies' hands. Accordingly, the larger societies reduced their rates to 4 per cent. on share investments and

to 3½ and 3 per cent. on deposits. The only means of earning a satisfactory rate of interest on their swollen funds was by a vast increase in mortgages, and this was found to be difficult of accomplishment at a time when trade depression and declining wages and salaries made house purchase unattractive to many.

Small Societies Gain

During the period of trade depression and low interest rates the smaller building society has in many cases found itself in a less difficult position than its larger rival, for the latter has perforce to embark on a huge investment policy in times when advances on mortgage cannot possibly keep pace with the rapid growth of deposits. At such times the smaller societies also experience an increase in deposits, but, of course, the volume is comparatively small and the societies are often able to find an outlet for the requisite proportion of new deposits in increased advances. Thus the smaller societies have in many cases been able to maintain a higher return on their shares and deposits than the big institutions have found possible.

It will be interesting when the full results for 1933 are available to note the trend of events for the past year in the building society sphere. In the 1932 figures, as quoted by Sir Enoch Hill from the Registrar's analysis at the Annual Conference, it was shown that, while receipts had increased by over 14 per cent., advances made on mortgage during the year had decreased by nearly 9 per cent., though total mortgage assets and, indeed, all other items showed the substantial increase which was to be expected with the expansion of the movement which took place during the year. From the societies' own point of view, it is desirable that a gradual expansion in mortgage advances should take place with a corresponding reduction in investments, for the capital position as well as the income position has to be considered, and the societies are forced to make ample provision against the contingency of a decline in investments.

Most of the societies, however, are in an excellent position as regards the strength of reserves, for during many years of prosperity they have conservatively provided against almost any number of rainy days, and they are in a somewhat unique position in being able to refuse deposits when the position, as at present, does not warrant an increase of funds for which profitable employment has to be found. Even at the moment their tax-free investments are as attractive in their class as any other form, and the societies are meanwhile playing no small part in the solution of the housing problem and providing much employment in the building trade by their financing of house-purchase on sound lines.

Theatre Notes

By Russell Gregory

Wyndham's Theatre "The Maitlands"

By Ronald Mackenzie.

IT is always a tragedy when a promising author dies young, but the tragedy lies not so much in his death as in the idle speculation which his premature demise invariably arouses. What would not Shelley have written had he been spared? What infinite promise was shown in the poems of Keats! Would Rupert Brooke have taken his place among the immortals with the aid of longevity?

Ronald Mackenzie has been described as the "English Tchekov" by the "irresponsible, indolent reviewers." It would be just as pertinent to describe Tchekov as the "Russian Mackenzie." In other words it is the fashion to criticise "The Maitlands" either as what it might have been or a copy of something else.

I prefer to judge this play on its own merits rather than commit myself to false analogues. It is, in my opinion, an immature work. It is the wrong shape. It proceeds at a leisurely pace for two acts, accelerates in the last act, only to find the traffic signals against it. The result is a final curtain which leaves one in some doubt as to whether one is to receive a summons either for loitering or for driving to the danger of the public. Granted that this is a sign of immaturity; I cannot say whether maturity would have brought a better technique.

The best performances came from Stephen Haggard and Joan Marion. John Gielgud, in a difficult part, did not quite succeed in covering the emotional range which the character demanded.

"The Maitlands" will run, and despite my previous remarks, I am sorry that I shall not even see another play by the same author.

Embassy Theatre "Many Waters"

By Monckton Hoffer.

It is always a difficult matter to turn from a performance given by established and experienced actors to one given by students. The critic is faced with the alternative of judging the latter either on its merits as a performance, which may be unfair to the participants, or as a laudable effort by the comparatively untutored, which may be insulting.

In writing of the Embassy School of acting, I have said in the past that the standard is unusually high. I have even tried my hand as a prophet and rashly picked out the winners. As far as "Many Waters" is concerned, I found it as well done as the other performances I have seen, but this time I am making no forecasts. My chief reason for this is that, as I learn, the first twenty students to "pass out" from the school have all obtained jobs on the professional stage, so that if this standard of achievement is maintained, any remarks of mine would be superfluous.

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New Mining Issues

Yields on Bank Shares

[By Our City Editor]

FROM time to time the attractions of gold-mining shares have been mentioned in these columns and only last week a word of warning was given regarding the temptation to speculate induced by low interest rates and high income-tax. It now seems that these two lines of advice should be combined to give a note of warning concerning the many gold-mining issues which are now making their appearance. The majority of these are, to say the least of it, highly speculative and on no account should investors apply blindly for shares because the magic word "gold" appears in the company's title. In one or two cases the Stock Exchange Committee has refused permission to deal in the shares and it seems a pity that the Committee cannot find some means of preventing the public being offered shares in which permission to deal is to be refused.

Building Society Expansion

Never has a more prosperous period existed for the Building Societies than at present, for the difficulties of the superabundance of cheap money have been solved by the huge expansion in mortgage demands on the part of intending house-owners. Particularly in the case of some of the more progressive smaller societies is this expansion remarkable. The Norwich Building Society provides an outstanding example, for at the annual meeting last March, it was reported that assets totalled £439,225, an increase on the year of no less than £208,868. Since Christmas this extraordinary rate of expansion has continued, for mortgages have increased to £560,000 while the amount due to shareholders which aggregated £404,889 at the end of the year, has now increased to £523,000. In the last five years this Society has been able to multiply the amount of its advances ten-times. Obviously, there is a limit to such expansion; but in the case of the smaller Societies the limit is considerably further off than in the case of the larger Building Societies.

Bank Share Yields

The maintenance by all the big British joint-stock banks of their rates of interim dividend has encouraged the market to take the view that last year's payments for the whole year will be repeated, for it is felt that the banks have now settled down to some extent to the new conditions and the influences which cheap money have upon their income from advances and investments. Barclays Bank £4 fully-paid "A" shares carrying a 10 per cent. maximum dividend return £3 17s. 6d. per cent at their present price and the "B" £1 fully-paid yield about 1s. per cent. more.

Lloyds Bank "A" shares, £5 with £1 paid, return £4 3s. 6d. per cent, the high yield being due

to the liability on the shares, though a call on banking capital is not a thing to be feared by shareholders except in the most extreme circumstances such as do not seem likely to arise in this country now that the worst of the economic storm has been weathered. The "B" £1 fully-paid 5 per cent. maximum dividend shares yield only £3 12s. 9d. or a few pence less than the Midland Bank "B" shares also £1 fully-paid. Midland "A" shares £2 10s. fully-paid return just over 3½ per cent. and the £12 shares, £2 10s. paid, yield just over 4 per cent. the difference in the yield again being accounted for by the liability in respect of capital.

National Provincial £25 shares, £3 10s. paid, return about four guineas per cent., as also do the £20 shares, £4 paid. The fully-paid £5 shares yield just over 3½ per cent. Westminster Bank £4 shares with £1 paid look attractive with a yield of just over 4 per cent., but the £1 fully-paid shares carrying a maximum dividend of 12½ per cent. return only £3 12s. per cent. Martins Bank fully-paid £1 shares yield £3 17s. per cent. and the partly-paid £20 shares give a return of £4 2s. 4d. per cent.

Electric Supply Securities

Electric Supply shares have been bought purely for investment purposes during the past week or so and this is easily understandable since throughout the years of depression, they not only held their prices but the companies also maintained their dividends. The preference shares of the Supply Companies must be regarded as gilt-edged securities and they appear attractive to the investor as they return over 4 per cent still in many cases. About 3,000 Edmundson's Electricity Corporation 6 per cent. preference have been on offer at 29s. per share to return nearly £4 3s. per cent. The company, which has holdings in many leading supply companies, recently produced an excellent report. Chelsea Electric 6 per cent. preferences at 30s. yield 4 per cent. and the same return can be obtained on the new Electrical Distribution of Yorkshire 6 per cents. The company's activities have expanded to an extent which promises increasing cover for these preference shares.

A few Harrow £5 4½ per cent. shares are on offer at £5 8s. 9d. to return about £4 3s. and a few South London Electric 6 per cent. preference can also be bought to return just over 4 per cent. Isle of Thanet and Electric Supply Corporation 6 per cent. preference shares can also be bought at just under 30s. to return over 4 per cent. As a speculative investment Atlas Electric 7 per cent. preference at 21s. 6d. give a good chance of capital appreciation with a high income return.

The Cinema

The Actress of the Age

By Mark Forrest

THE LOVES OF ARIANE" is by no means a new picture and, unfortunately the version being shown at the Rialto is the English and not the French. The censor, too, has thought fit to get busy with his axe with the result that the film is curiously dismembered. Nevertheless, whatever drawbacks there may be, there is one compensation which outweighs anything else, and that is the performance of Elizabeth Bergner.

Some time ago, before this great actress made her appearance on the English stage, I exhausted all my superlatives in praising her acting in "*Der Fraumende Münd*," which was revived last week by the Forum Cinema in Villiers Street, and the quality of her genius is once more apparent in "*The Loves of Ariane*," poor as is the material at her command.

There is no screen actress in this country, in America, or for that matter anywhere, whom I have seen who has a tithe of the talent of Elizabeth Bergner. Her slightest movement has a significance, and she makes her effects with an effortless ease that is a joy to watch and is in striking contrast with the laboured mannerisms of the stereotyped screen actress. Before I am old and grey I hope to see her in a picture, or for that matter on the stage, in a story which will give her an opportunity of displaying the richness of her accomplishments without wasting them. However, in my opinion she is the actress of this generation and should be seen by everyone in everything which she plays—be the material poor or not.

Shadowy Lover

Candidly I could not make out exactly what the story of "*The Loves of Ariane*" was all about because the hero, played by Percy Marmont, is such a shadowy character that he has no real existence. Whether it is the censor, or the translators, or a bit of both who are responsible for this I don't know, but the fact remains that the true love of Ariane is a singularly uninteresting and wooden human being who, while he is put forward as a personage of some kind or another, does nothing to justify his mysterious title or his inexplicable comings and goings. Still, Elizabeth Bergner is there, laughing, crying, playing the fool and turning solemn—in short, going through the emotions of a young girl in love with a pompous ass, and never too much in love to lose her sense of humour. Here is a beautiful piece of sensitive acting which succeeds in holding together what would otherwise be a very indifferent entertainment.

Of "*Madame du Barry*," at the Carlton, it is difficult to say anything flattering. After the successes of "*Calvacade*," and "*Queen Christina*" we are warned that Hollywood was going to abandon newspaper and gangster stories to woo the wig and trifle with the snuff box—in other words that costume themes were to be the order of the day. The pictures, which have followed the two above mentioned, have been so

undistinguished that it is to be hoped that American film audiences will get tired of their countrymen's vulgar footnotes at the bottom of Europe's history books.

In this attempt to film the life of the Du Barry there is little of any historical truths beyond the fact that she is introduced to the notice of the King by his valet, Lebel, causes the fall of the Duc de Choiseul, sets up the Duc D'Aiguillon in his place and is banished on the death of the King. The Comte du Barry does not appear at all, nor does his brother who so fortuitously married her that she might be presented at court, nor is there any attempt made to show any side of her character except the extravagant one.

Marlene Dietrich was ill served with the script of "*Catherine the Great*," but Dolores del Rio is suited far worse here. In any case I think that she is wrongly cast for the mistress of Louis the Fifteenth, but as she is given nothing (of any importance) to do it is unfair to criticise her performance. Reginald Owen, as the King, comes out of the disaster a great deal better and, if he had been given one or two opportunities to behave more like a monarch and less like a buffoon, he would have obtained a grip on his characterisation.

The third new picture this week is a British production which goes to the New Gallery. We are still trying to make a first-class musical film and this time we have very nearly succeeded; all the same "*Princess Charming*" suffers from the same faults which have marred the previous British efforts, though they are not nearly so marked. The story is as old as the oldest hills, but that is a musical comedy convention which, I suppose nothing can alter. In this one there is more farce than charm, but where Mr. Elvey has had to resort to crowd scenes the production looks cramped, and when Max Miller is not playing himself the invention fails and the pace drops.

There is one acting performance and that is that of Yvonne Arnaud. Why this actress is doomed by the film magnates to play the stupid rôles which she is allotted I cannot pretend to understand. In a musical comedy of this kind she is entirely wasted in the part of the soubrette, and only succeeds in proving once again, what most theatre goers already know, that she is one of our best actresses of comedy; and straight comedy is what she should be given to play.

In a mixture of light music and farce there is one actor who is always at home, and that is George Crossmith. Here, once again, he gives one of his polished performances as a musical comedy King, but the arrant nonsense of Max Miller steals a good deal of his thunder. As *Princess Charming* there is Evelyn Laye whose voice is excellently recorded and whose singing is the best I have yet heard from her on the films.

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'THE ROAD TO LIFE' (A)

Notes from a Musical Diary

By Herbert Hughes

IT is often in out-of-the-way places that the connoisseur, tired of professionalised art, comes across something that restores his faith and readjusts his devotion. It is possible for the most musical of us to detest music, brought to that state of mind by a surfeit of this or that, by some vulgarisation of the classics heard on the air, by the exuberant banalities of people holding another point of view (to which, of course, they are entitled as free citizens). I know of no weariness of the musical flesh more intense than that induced by the efficient, smart-Alec, lowbrow who meets us at every corner from noon till midnight. To escape him requires some deliberation and cunning.

Somewhere in Ireland the other day—the exact place shall be nameless—it was my good fortune to hear an octet of singers rehearsing for a new film, as lovely an ensemble of voices as could be found anywhere in Europe. I was surprised, but had no right to be. Their work was exquisite within its limitations, and their very names were unknown to me. Experience number one. Then came an opportunity of listening to a couple of pipers, champion pipers, playing on that indoor instrument known as the Uilleann pipes, which has a curiously sweet tone in the hands of a good player. Their rhythmic sense was absolute, and the old tunes they played had the freshness of the morning breeze. Experience number two. A day or two later I had the privilege of hearing a young girl playing the flute, and then the piccolo. This, experience number three, was quite unexpected; and she had the technique of a Gordon Walker or a Fleury.

Subsequently I found myself watching a team of dancers, champions like the pipers, dancing like angels (if angels dance). Reels, jigs, horn-pipes, round dances came in profusion, and I said to myself that here was a team of young people that should certainly be roped-in to take part in the big International Festival of Folk-Dance which is to take place in London next summer. I left Ireland fully repentant of my boredom, for I knew I had been in touch with *Tir-na-nOg*.

But one does not have to cross the Irish Sea to get to out-of-the-way places where music is made. Try Clareville Street, South Kensington. There you will find the diminutive Webber-Douglas Theatre buzzing with activity. Many of the big public schools have been entertained in very recent years by the admirable Chanticleer Company which has its headquarters there. This week they have been giving remarkable performances of *Carmen* in circumstances that would daunt your ordinary hard-bitten producer. The very smallness of the stage and the limitation of equipment seemed to spur on everybody to excel at their jobs. The lighting and stage grouping showed a mastery that is not always apparent in more august opera houses; the acting was on an astonishing high level, especially good in the second and third acts; and the title rôle was taken on Monday evening by Violet Lynch, a very animated and talented young lady indeed.

Amherst Webber's reduction of the score for two pianos, one played by himself and the other by Charles Lynch, showed such rare musicianship that few could have lamented the absence of an orchestra.

Broadcasting Notes

By Alan Howland

IT would interest a great many people to know on what principle the B.B.C. arranges the timing of its programmes. If a plebiscite were taken on the subject I venture to predict that there would be a vast majority in favour of the theory that it is largely a question of devil take the hindmost and to Hades with the listener. There was recently a typical example of the B.B.C.'s consideration for its employers when an opera broadcast was amputated in the most brutal fashion in order to make room for an artificial limb which was apparently lying about in the studio. The fact that a truncated opera means nothing to anybody makes no difference to the time keeper at Broadcasting House. Programmes have to be clocked in and out like so many junior clerks in a sweet factory.

It has always been a source of wonder to me that whereas there are certain items which must start at 19.56, or some such purely historical date, there is no such thing as an item which must finish at a given moment. The only exceptions are, of course, the Children's Hour, which has to mutilate itself to make room for the First News, and the late dance music, which has its death knell sounded at 00.00 by Big Ben.

The only reason for this irritating confusion is that it is far too much trouble for the salaried officials of Portland Place to master the intricacies of a stop-watch. There is no reason why every session should not be timed to the nearest second days before it is due on the air. Unless the conductor of an orchestra is suddenly going to take leave of his senses and beat two instead of four in a bar, it is fairly safe to conjecture that a symphony which occupies forty-five minutes at rehearsal will occupy approximately forty-five minutes on the occasion of the actual performance.

The case of broadcasts from an outside source is obviously different since the items are timed—if at all—by the donors of the feast and not by the B.B.C. Even so, the idiot layman would not follow up an outside broadcast of doubtful length with a session which must start at a fixed and immovable moment. To do so is to qualify for the place of honour at the Mad Hatter's tea party.

At least there would be one familiar figure at the table. The British listener in the person of the Dormouse would be alternately dropping off to sleep from sheer boredom and being thrust head downwards into the teapot for not taking sufficient interest in the proceedings. When one comes to think of it, one of the members of the party had a watch. There is a theory that it was the prototype of the one used for timing the B.B.C. programmes. I do not hold this belief because in my opinion even the best butter could not make its successor run to time.